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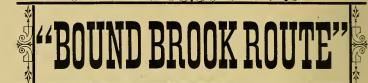
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THE

HALCYON

PUBLISHED BY

THE JUNIOR CLASS,

OF

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

1882-83.

PHILADELPHIA:

D. C. Chalfant, Steam-Power Printing House, No. 26 South Seventh Street, 1883.



"SALUTAMUS."

THE Class of '84 beg leave to place before the critical eye of the public "The Halcyon," at the same time hoping that they may not judge us too harshly for anything which may displease or excite the ire of any one person or persons mentioned.

"The Halcyon" is the first pamphlet of its kind published at Swarthmore; and, in issuing it, we feel some hesitancy with regard to its success; but let us assure you that no stone has been left unturned in the endeavor to render it pleasing and acceptable to those interested in Swarthmore and her prosperity.

In mentioning the classes we have spoken critically, as an impartial outsider might; yet we desire to remove all doubts in regard to our friendly feeling toward our fellow-classes. Although we naturally have a strong attachment to our class, we have, nevertheless, laid aside our smoked glasses, and have gazed upon the matter with vision undimmed by prejudice. In the casual mention of the professors and instructors, while we wish to cast no slur upon them or their methods, we cannot but be keenly alive to the ludicrous mistakes and incidences which sometimes occur.

We have striven to touch upon all points which are of interest; and, although our Muses have often forsaken us and our wits have been rather clouded, yet we boldly offer to the critic, what we, under such adverse circumstances, could—not compose, for that would be assuming too much for amateurs; but, let us say, using an ancient author's expression:—"patch up."

Our mistakes of omission and commission, in spite of our efforts to avoid them, have been many; but, notwithstanding all this, we entrust ourselves and "The Halcyon" to your tender mercies.



GALENDAR 1882--83.

1882.	Ninth month, 12th,	Third day,	Meeting of the Board of Managers.
"	Ninth month, 26th,	Third day,	Examinations for admission begin.
**	Ninth month, 27th,	Fourth day,	Examinations for admission completed and old students return.
"	Ninth month, 28th,	Fifth day,	Regular Exercises begin.
"	Twelfth month, 4th,	Second day,	Meeting of the Board of Managers.
"	Twelfth month, 5th,	Third day,	Annual Meeting of the Stockholders.
46	Twelfth month, 5th,	Third day,	Meeting of the Board of Managers.
"	Twelfth month, 22d,	Sixth day,	Holidays begin.
1883.	First month, 3d,	Fourth day,	Students return for roll-call at $8\ P.\ M.$
"	First month, 4th,	Fifth day,	Regular Exercises begin.
"	Third month, 6th,	Third day,	Meeting of the Board of Managers.
"	Fifth month, 28th,	Second day,	Senior Examinations begin.
	Sixth month, 4th,	Second day,	Senior Examinations completed, the results announced, and parts for Commencement assigned.
"	Sixth month, 19th,	Second day,	Meeting of the Board of Managers.

1883.	Seventh month, 2d,	Second day,	Annual Business Meeting of the Alumni Association.
"	Sixth month, 26th,	Third day,	Commencement.
66	Ninth month, 11th,	Third day,	Examinations for admission begin.
;ε	Ninth month, 13th,	Fifth day,	Examinations for admission completed, and old students return.
• 6	Ninth month, 14th,	Sixth day,	Regular Exercises begin.
	Twelfth month, 3d,	Second day,	Meeting of the Board of Managers.
:6	Twelfth month, 4th,	Third day,	Annual Meeting of Stockholders.
"	Twelfth month, 4th,	Third day,	Meeting of the Board of Managers.
"	Twelfth month, 21st,	Sixth day,	Holidays begin.
1884.	First month, 2d,	Fourth day,	Students return for roll-call at 8 P. M.
"	First month, 3d,	Fifth day,	Regular Exercises begin.

IN MEMORY

OF

SAMUEL WILLITS,

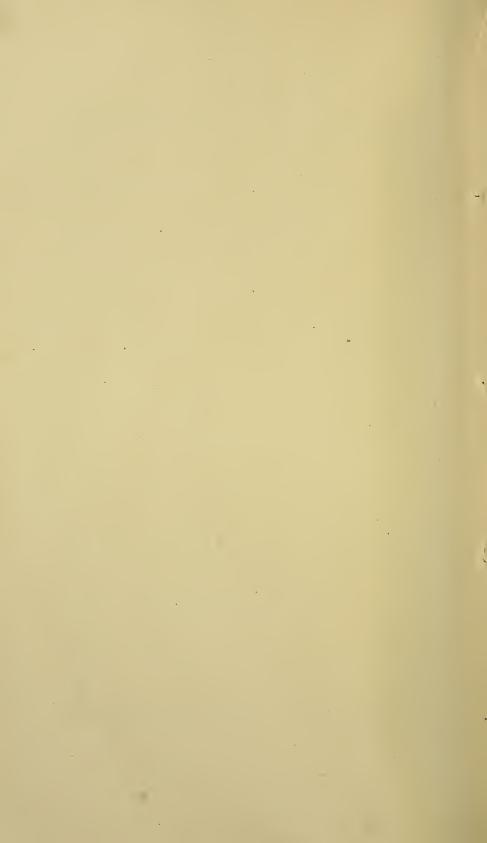
Late President of the Board of Managers

OF SWARTHMORE COLLEGE,

DIED

Second Month, Sixth Day 1883,

In the 88th year of his age.



BOARD OF MANAGERS.

PRESIDENT.

*SAMUEL WILLITS,

SECRETARY.

M. FISHER LONGSTRETH.

CLERKS.

GEORGE W. HANCOCK. ABBY M. WOODNUTT.

TREASURER.

ROBERT BIDDLE.

JOHN D. HICKS, JOSEPH WHARTON, EDWARD H. OGDEN, HANNAH W. HAYDOCK, ANNA M. FERRIS, MARY T. LONGSTRETH, ANNIE SHOEMAKER, JOSEPH WILLETS, ELI M. LAMB, BENJAMIN HALLOWELL, RACHEL T. JACKSON, ANNA M. HUNT, SUSAN W. LIPPINCOTT, SARAH H. MERRITT, HERMAN HOOPES, DANIEL UNDERHILL, EMMOR ROBERTS, JANE P. DOWNING, MARY W. COCKS, SARAH H. POWELL, EDITH D. BENTLEY, ISAAC STEPHENS, JAMES V. WATSON, CLEMENT BIDDLE, MARTHA G. McILVAIN, SOPHIA V. WILLETS, SALLIE M. OGDEN, EMMA McILVAIN, EDMUND WEBSTER,

Old Westbury, L. I. Philadelphia, Pa. Philadelphia, Pa.New York City. Wilmington, Del. Sharon Hill, Pa. Philadelphia, Pa. Trenton, N. J. Baltimore, Md. Swarthmore, Pa. Germantown, Pa. Philadelphia, Pa. Cinnaminson, N. J. Brooklyn, L. I. Philadelphia, Pa. Jericho, L. I. Fellowship, N. J. Philadelphia, Pa. Old Westbury, L. I. New York City. Sandy Spring, Md. Trenton, N. J. Philadelphia, Pa. Chadd's Ford, Pa. Philadelphia, Pa. Manhassett, L. I. Philadelphia, Pa. Philadelphia, Pa.

Philadelphia, Pa.

^{*} Deceased.

FAGULTY OF GOVERNMENT.

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EUGÈNE PAULIN, A. M., Professor of French.

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Professor of Greek and German.

SUSAN J. CUNNINGHAM,

Professor of Mathematics.

SAMUEL S. GREEN, M. S., Professor of Physics and Chemistry.

MARY L. AUSTIN,
Assistant Professor of Latin.

THOMAS S. FOULKE, Superintendent.

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Philosophy.

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SUSAN J. CUNNINGHAM, Professor of Mathematics.

JOSEPH THOMAS, M. D., L L. D., Professor of English Literature.

SAMUEL S. GREEN, M. S., Professor of Physics and Chemistry.

MARY L. AUSTIN,
Assistant Professor of the Latin Language.

ELIZABETH C. MILLER, A. B.,
Assistant Professor of Rhetoric and Composition.

WILLIAM PENN HOLCOMB, M. L.,

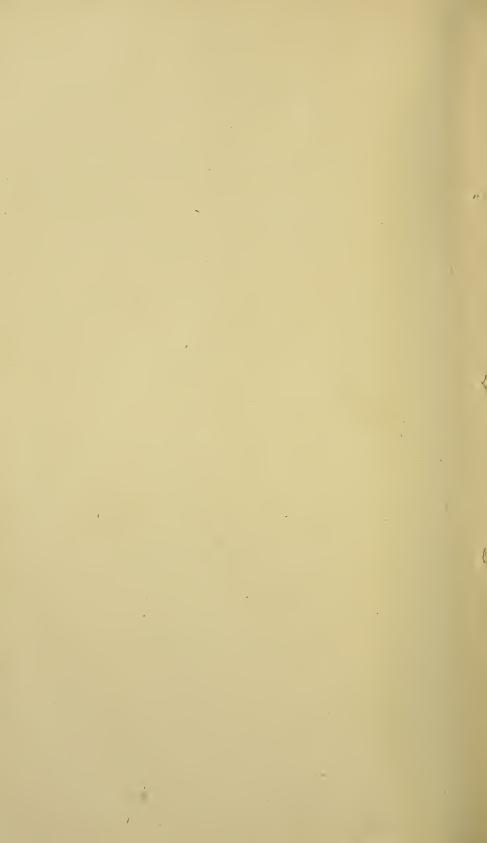
Assistant Professor of History.

JOSEPH W. TEETS, Assistant Professor of Elocution.

ARTHUR COLMAN DAWSON, B. L., Assistant Professor of German and French.

AMELIA P. BUTLER, Instructor in Theory and Practice of Teaching.

OLIVIA RODHAM,
Assistant Librarian and Instructor in Botany.



The Year.

THE never-ceasing sands have nearly sifted through another College year; and, ere its course be run forever, we fain would briefly note the history of its pleasures and its troubles.

The present year has been an important one in the history of Swarthmore. Never before have her children so much appreciated their College home as now, in the first year after its restoration. The opening was attended by an interest up to this time unknown. On the 26th of September, the anniversary of the great misfortune, the students once more assembled in the College building with little to remind them of the change, save, now and then, the sounds of workmen in the unfinished parts, and many new comforts and conveniences thoughtfully provided by the Rebuilding Committee.

The following day the year's work began for, be it known, that to enterquietly upon the customary duties with as little irregularity as possible on the first day after vacation, is one of the cardinal virtues of the institution. Doubtless that opening seems far distant to those who since have spent weary days and nights upon the lines of Lucretius and Euripides. The time has been equally long to those whom inclination leads into the domain of science, while trudging through the country, laying out railroads, climbing over bridges and through tunnels, and while calculating eclipses with a rapidity and accuracy perfectly amazing. Yet these devotees of science have had a stimulus to labor such as they never had before; for the new Science Hall, so perfectly adapted to their purposes, was recently completed.

The early part of the year was quiet and uneventful. The men, during the balmy days of Autumn, enjoyed their usual games and sports, oft times favoring the ladies with an invitation to behold their strange and daring feats. Each class began its course with interest and enthusiasm. Class meetings were held and officers duly elected. Freshie, however, had to encounter many trials and surmount many difficulties ere a constitution was formed, a motto selected, and officers elected; but, after about twenty-five special meetings, each of which had, at least, three adjourned sessions, all these matters were adjusted. '86 was duly recognized by her sister classes, and thus bravely began her College life.

The first important events of the season were the Senior public days. Here such eloquence was displayed that every listener burned with admiration, and longed for the day when he might follow in the steps of the august and reverend Seniors. Soon Christmas came, and, for the space of

nearly two weeks, the halls re-echoed not to merry voice of gallant youth or blithesome maid. With the glad New Year they all returned and bravely went to work, each sighing to himself, if only "it might have been" longer. The next noteworthy occasion, that is, in the opinion of the Juniors, was the public day of '84; but let us gently touch upon this tender point, lest we dispel the sweet-consoling thought of laurels therein won. Think on, poor, foolish Juniors, that you have achieved wonders. imagination play you false, no matter; you will be wiser when you are older. One of the most interesting features of the year is the frequency and excellence of the public days, and the readings and lectures pertaining to the subject of elocution.

The inauguration of the restored College building, upon the evening of January 18th, was a momentous occasion; indeed, it was one second to no other in the year's history. A large number of guests were present; lunch was served in the dining hall, after which the guests collected in the assembly room to witness the transfer of the restored building from the Rebuilding Committee to the Board of Managers, and from the latter body to the Faculty. The evening was a pleasant one, and the interest shown by the visitors was gratifying to both Faculty and students.

We have been favored with several very interesting lectures. One on the Indians, delivered by Mr. Herbert Welsh, and one, by Mr. Edward L. Wilson, upon Egypt, illustrated with very fine stereoptic views, are prominent among these. The various societies have quietly and prosperously journeyed on their way, affording their members pleasure and profit. Phanix, too, we must not forget. Behold it, another year nearly ended, homeward flying, richly laden with treasure and not a little valuable experience! Calmly it speeds along with unruffled plumage; and, as we welcome it home, we cry with joy: "Well done, brave bird! be ever good and true, and, in the years to come, O sully not thy fame by deed of wrong! We trust, nay, believe, thy future will be more glorious than thy past!"

On the blurred and blotted pages of time, thoughts sad and joyous are often mingled. Thus we find it in the case of individuals, institutions and nations. This year, in many ways so fortunate and happy, has brought as well its sorrows. The beloved President of the Board of Managers, one . who, from the beginning, had been the warm friend and generous patron of Swarthmore, was taken from us but a few short weeks ago. The shadow of this great sorrow will long hover over Swarthmore. Yet the memory of one whose example and counsel were ever ready will aid her in a still

nobler and more illustrious future.



GLASS OF '83.

WE cannot look upon the Class of '83 as models in many respects; but, in one department, they excel all former classes and deserve credit on this account, since it is better to be perfect in one branch than partially so in many. We refer to the good-will, kindly feeling and affection that they cherish for one another. Indeed, it seems as if they might have laid all intellectual improvement aside, in order to devote themselves to the enjoyment of one another's society.

This class has a few members of great literary ability, and is honored by possessing the poet of the college. Many Seniors take an active part in our world-renowned Glee Club; therefore, the fame of the class is already established by the exceptional voices of its representatives in this organization.

Two or three broad-minded, magnanimous men and women are detected upon the closest scrutiny; but, as a class, they are very critical, neglectful of the feelings of others. Perhaps, this art of criticizing ought to be granted, by common accord, to our superiors in rank of classes; yet, we cannot but feel that sarcasm is a dangerous weapon to hurl.

The scheme of introducing a succession of receptions "for the purpose of promoting sociability" among the members of the college classes, is well worthy of a class devoted to society.

OFFIGERS OF GLASS OF '83.

President,

Vice-President,

Recording Secretary,

Corresponding Secretary,

Treasurer,

Marshal,

JAMES E. VERREE.

CHARLES S. PYLE.

FLORENCE N. HANES.

HELEN C. PYLE.

WILLIAM A. KISSAM, JR.

S. DUFFIELD MITCHELL.

Orator,

Historian,

Poet,

Prophet,

Statistician,

Presenter,

S. DUFFIELD MITCHELL.

FREDERICK A. SEAMAN, JR.

ALICE W. JACKSON.

BERTHA MATLACK.

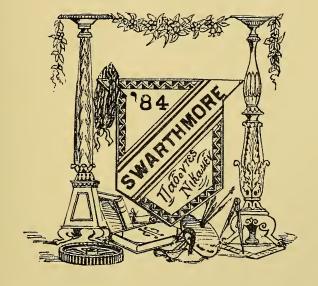
WILLIAM A. KISSAM, JR.

JOHN L. COCHRAN.

GLASS OF '83.

Bunting, Charles Andrews,	. '		Eng.		Sharon Hill, Pa.
Cochran, John Lynn,			Eng.		Folly's Mills, Va.
Conrow, Edgar,					
Green, Lydia Sharpless,					
Hanes, Florence Nightingale, .			Cl.		Woodstown, N. J.
Jackson, Alice Wilson,			Cl.		Wilmington, Del.
Kissam, William Allan, Jr., .					
Matlack, Bertha,					
Miller, Guion,					
Mitchell, Samuel Duffield,					
Pennock, Edward Abram,					
Pennock, George Liddon,					
Pyle, Charles Sumner,			Eng.		West Grove, Pa.
Pyle, Helen Cyrus,					
Seaman, Frederick Augustus, Jr					
Tylor, Annie Evangeline,					
Verree, James Edward,					
Webb. Emma.					





GLASS OF '84.

THE Class of '84 is small in numbers, but it holds the opinion that it is no exception to the rule, in making up in quality its lack in quantity. It contains an unlimited source of knowledge of every description, and still has the capacity of acquiring much more, as both men and women of wonderful minds are here found.

'Tis the Juniors who are able to boast of being descendants from the best blood of England, Scotland, and Ireland; and great consideration is paid by them to escutcheons.

We have men and women of all characters, from the laziest to the most studious, at the same time, affording fitting examples of conceit, modesty, gracefulness, style, plainness, in fact, all but beauty, of which we are completely destitute. We have the tallest man in College, the shortest, several of powerful muscular strength, and an orator who can debate for hours, days, and months, even, upon topics of which he knows nothing.

Evidently, members of '84 are doomed to win renown before many years elapse, after leaving their Alma Mater.

OFFIGERS OF GLASS OF '84.

President,

Vice-President,

Secretary,

Treasurer,

Censor, Marshal, EDWIN HAVILAND, JR.

FREDERIC J. TAYLOR.

SARAH L. HALL.

HORACE L. DILWORTH.

WILLIAM P. HALLOWELL, JR.

FRANCIS G. CALDWELL.

Orator,

Historian,

Poet,

Prophet,

WILLIAM P. HALLOWELL, JR.

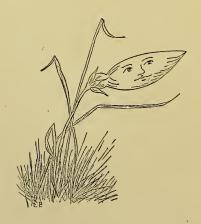
LAURA H. SATTERTHWAITE.

FREDERIC J. TAYLOR.

SARAH L. HALL.

GLASS OF '84.

Caldwell, Francis Gustavus, Eng Philadelphia, Pa.
Dilworth, Horace Lincoln, Eng Centreville, Del.
Downing, Rebecca Malin, Lit Philadelphia, Pa.
Furnas, John Davis, Eng Waynesville, O.
Hall, Sarah Lucinda,
Hallowell, William Penrose, Jr., Eng Philadelphia, Pa.
Hancock, Henry James,
Haviland, Edwin, Jr., Eng Plainfield, N. J.
Hughes, Mary Elizabeth,
Satterthwaite, Laura Henderson, Cl Trenton, N. J.
Taylor, Frederic Jackson, Eng Minneapolis, Minn
Willits, Mary, Cl Syosset, L. I.





GLASS OF '85.

THE Class of '85 is, like every other class, taking its own appraisement, the best in College; in the estimation of others, the superlative of bad is generally used.

Conceit reigns supreme amongst them. Those few members that have been deprived of their share by nature, are readily supplied by individuals who possess more of this gift than they can easily use to advantage. Recent calculations show the allotment to some members to surpass the average by about ninety per cent.

Within their scope of observations, they have had an easy journey to fame, and now behold their names written at the top of the list of our great orators. Other classes think this is a supposititious list; because they have seen one where the order was quite different. However, the "Sophs" are allowed to nurse their favorite idea that no one can quite equal them. Boastful '85 can injure no one but herself; while, with her smooth, polished tongue, she affords much anusement to others.

Here, we find all independence of the College anchored. No, indeed! this year's "Soph" is not going to be imposed upon. "We are going to have this," and "we are going to have that," and it is not the fault of the "Soph" that he has not everything he wishes; but the blame rests chiefly with the Faculty who do not seem to fear this or that dreadful threat of what's going to happen. Alas! "Soph," you lack prudence and persuasive power. You are still too young to comprehend the different methods employed by the outside world. When you reach a more mature age, you will see that talk is not instrumental in obtaining what you desire.

Officers of Glass of '85.

President,

Vice-President,

Secretary,

Treasurer,

Censor,

SAMUEL SMEDLEY, JR.

JOSEPH D. COCHRAN.

ELMA C. WILLETS.

MARY E. WHITSON.

MINNIE F. BAKER.

Orator,

Historian,

Poet,

Prophet,

PHILIP Q. CHURCHMAN.

NOAH H. BROWNING.

MARY E. WHITSON.

MARY D. PRATT.

GLASS OF '85.

Baker, Minnie Frances,
Bowne, William H., Jr Sc Glen Cove, L. I.
Browning, Noah Harrison,
. Churchman, Philip Quigley,
Cochran, Joseph Donaghe,
Dixon, Mary Garrett, Lit Easton, Md.
Evans, Abby, Lit Wilmington, Del.
Fisher, William Penn, Jr., Sc Bellfonte, Pa.
Hizar, Emma, Lit Wilmington, Del.
Malcolm, Sarah Jackson,
Morgan, Elizabeth,
Pratt, Mary Darlington,
Schooley, John Curtis, Se Huntinghill, Md.
Smedley, Samuel, Jr., Sc Media, Pa.
Whitson, Mary Esther,
Willets, Elma Clinton





GLASS OF '86.

OUR children do not materially differ from those of previous years. They possess sufficient style, and strive to be important in order to atone for their youth and, consequently, their limited knowledge.

They are modest, and appreciate their deficient ability in carrying on matters in class society, and seem to realize the amusement that would be furnished the older classes if their performances were made public. On this account, they draw up rules binding their members not to breathe a word of their transactions to an outsider; but, child-like, they have to free themselves occasionally; and, if there is no friend near to present an expressive eye, a warning finger, or a friendly handkerchief, the fate that awaits the victim we shrink from describing.

Both wealth and beauty are concentrated in the Class of '86. They abound in athletes; and, when a youth is seen strolling upon the campus having his manly breast bedecked with gold, silver, and leather medals, we recognize him at once as "Freshie." The intellectual faculty of '86 is suggested by bright metallic coins.

OFFIGERS OF GLASS OF '86.

President, WILLIAM L. ELKINS, JR. Vice-President, NATHAN H. CONROW.

Secretary, ALICE COCK

Treasurer, CHARLES C. MILLER.

Censor, MATTIE M. WATSON.

Marshal, J. LAURENCE LIPPINCOTT.

Orator, WILLIAM L. ELKINS, JR.

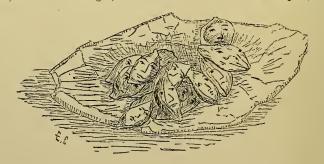
Historian, FLORENCE A. PUSEY.

Poet, REBEKAH M. BOYD.

Prophet, SARAH A. HOOPES.

GLASS OF '86.

Andrews, Benjamin, Sc Morristown, N. J.
Bartram, Hanna Massey,
Bones, Emma Stirling, Lit New York City.
Boyd, Rebekah Matilda,
Cock, Alice Haight,
Cocks, Elizabeth Hicks, Lit Old Westbury, L. I.
Collins, William James, Sc Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Conrow, Nathan Hunt, Se Cinnaminson, N. J.
Conrow, Saidee Engle,
Davidson, Effie Esther,
Elkins, William Lukens, Jr., Irreg Philadelphia, Pa.
Freedley, George J., Sc Richmond, Va.
Hoopes, Sarah Andrews, Lit West Chester, Pa.
Lippincott, James Laurence, Sc Riverton, N. J.
Marshall, Charles Ilsley, Sc Milwaukee, Wis.
Merrick, Ella,
Miller, Martha, Lit Pittsburgh, Pa.
Pidgeon, Charles, Sc Wadesville, Va.
Spencer, Rowland, Lit Curwinville, Pa.
Stover, Hugh Capios,
Pusey, Florence Anne, Lit Wilmington, Del.
Pusey, Elizabeth Josephine, Lit Wilmington, Del.
Sharpless, Marian,
Tilton, Josephine,
Underhill, Annie, Lit Glen Cove, L. I.
Watson, Martha Magill,
Willcox, Charles Percy,
Williamson, Abbie,
Willis, Mary, Lit Old Westbury, L. I.
Zorns, Marian Wainwright Lit Philadelphia, Pa.



бне Alumni Association.

Too much cannot be said in praise of our Alumni; they have always been an actively interested party, both in the governmental undertaking and in the welfare of the students. Though numbering only one hundred and twenty, they have by their well-directed endeavors made it plain to all, that they will be the main-stay of the College in the future.

Individually as well as collectively, they are worthy of honorable mention. The men are successful in all paths of life; and, of the women who have chosen professional careers, all are fairly on the way to prosperity and fame.

Very little time was allowed to run between the first Commencement and the foundation of the Association; for, before the third class had graduated, their Constitution had been drawn up and adopted. It was not, however, until after our great calamity that it was deemed necessary for them to become legally incorporated. Late in the year 1882, this was done in order that they might hold stock as a corporation.

Every one who graduates may become a member of the Association by signing the Constitution, and paying a certain inconsiderable initiation fee.

Since the incorporation, (1882) they have in many ways helped in the rebuilding and refurnishing of the College, having among other things, purchased forty shares of stock and given the Library two thousand five hundred dollars.

The meetings occur twice during the year, the night before Commencement being their business meeting, and the night after Commencement the Annual Reunion, at which the graduated class is made a part of the Association.

Officers of The Alumni Association.

President,	JOHN B. BOOTH, '75.
Secretary,	CAROLINE E. BURR, '78.
Treasurer,	WILLIAM J. HALL, '78.
Vice-Presidents,	HELEN T. COMLY, '75.
46	S. CRAIG McCOMB, '79.
46	EDWARD MARTIN, '78.
Directors,	ABBY M. WOODNUTT, '79.
66	ELLEN M. PRESTON, '80.
u	JOSEPH T. BUNTING, '77.
u	J. REECE LEWIS, '75.
а	CHARLES R. MILLER, '79.
	HERMAN HOOPES, '74.

Recorder, HERMAN HOOPES, '74.

GLASS DAY.

Swarthmore, May 30th, 1882.

PROGRAMME.

Opening Address by Class President, WM. P. BUILER. Jr.
History, BERTHA COOPER.
Poem,
Oration, GEORGE C. PHILLIPS.
Prophecy,
EAST CAMPUS.

Dedication of Class Tree. Presentation of the Class Spade to the Class of '83, by the President of '82.

HISTORY OF THE GLASS '82.

THE first two weeks of September, 1878, were important ones in some fifty homes scattered over this fertile land of the star spangled banner, for in each of them were going forward busy preparations for a speedy departure from the domestic fireside. In some mansions it was a fair young maiden of sweet sixteen who was about to break her mother's heart, and her father's purse, by a prolonged absence at a certain co-educational institution; in others, a youthful scion of the house was actively engaged in purchasing fishing tackle, base ball outfits, and a large stock of throughbred ponies. But whatever their sex, to all these youthful individuals alike, the 15th of September was the day upon which their eyes were turned, as the time when they would cease to be school children, and would begin life in earnest as "men and women of our College." On the day of the dreaded examinations which guarded the entrance to this happy abode of learning, up rose the sun and up rose the two and fifty students, who, with trunks, valises, carpet-bags, satchels, baskets, reticules, umbrellas, and bandboxes, wended their way towards the classic halls of Swarthmore.

The stern parents soon found the study room, whose walls re-echoed with the stentorian tones of the examiner, and at the threshold of learning the dear little Freshies were left to shift for themselves, amid a crowd of 250 students. But though for a few days the young innocents of '82 may have been so shy as to keep discreetly quiet, remembering to be seen and not heard, no long time elapsed ere the class began to display a most astounding lack of modesty, and to evince a desire to have a good time in their corner of the world and the school room,—qualities which have clung to them even to the present day.

But no rights could be maintained, no unity preserved without organization; so a class society was our first move. What a society it was! Never were such brilliant debates heard as reverberated from the vaulted rafters of the Lyceum; never were such oratorical efforts as those made by the embryo Webster's and Anna Dickinson's among its members! So important a factor in Swarthmore life did the society become that it was deemed necessary by some members to display their patrician order by a piece of gold worn in some conspicuous place as a badge, that all men might gaze with awe-struck glances of recognition at the celebrated 82's. With the proposal of badges, factions became rife; and party lines were drawn as strictly as ever between Stalwarts and Bourbons. Fiercely and long was the battle waged; and for days the Freshmen seats in the study room were the scenes of canvassings and caucuses; but alas! when the night of the

decisive vote arrived, some of the Badgers basely deserted the cause, and for the sake of a reading in Media yielded the victory to the Anti-badgers. With three years additional experience we bless that reading now, that kept us from our silly plan of giving the badge of a class to some who would never finish their course. But at the time loud and long were the laments of the defeated, and triumphant the taunts of the victorious.

Party spirit having once arisen in the class, its livid flames would not subside; and ere long the society became so belligerent that all the Scientifics sent in their resignations, and left the Lyceum for the delights of the evening study hour.

Social tendencies budded and blossomed during the year: and, as we were the first class debarred from the reasonable privilege of having the parlor one evening in the week, we endeavored to get what amusement we could by playing quiet games in one corner of the reception room. Soon this too was forbidden, on the plea that it was too classotic; and disheartened '82 fled back to the study room, only to be met with the dire news that even its hard seats were unavailable after tea, and that no word could be spoken within its sacred precints. Our kind associates, the class of '80, here took pity upon our forlorn condition, and gave us a delightful evening in the parlor; while the winter was also made more pleasant through frequent episodes of skating and coasting.

Spring approached, with its multiplicity of essays suggested by the festive dandelion and the fragrant garlic, and with its coming the thoughts of Freshmen turned instinctively to the Sophomore tree. It was in April that the wilv Sophs planted their little linden, and, fearing those ferocious Freshmen, guarded it with huge clubs and other murderous weapons. In the dead hour of the night, when church vards vawn and witches most abound, our gallant boys made the attack, and were mercilessly beaten back by the aforesaid murderous weapons. Not discouraged, they waited a chance for revenge, which came in the early morning, when the Sophs, wearied by their watch, departed for the house before the usual hour of six. Quick as a flash four boys started for the shadow of the road bank; stright for the tree they went; and, with one blow from their little hatchet, hewed it down. Triumphantly they bore it to the house; and what was the Sophomores' disgust when, at breakfast, they saw the Freshmen adorned with twigs of their beloved tree. It appeared that '81 understood the time for attack to be from sunset to sunrise, '82 from six to six. For a time anger ruled the day; but when we saw that we had acted really contrary to 81's honest opinions on tree etiquette, even though with us all had been fair and square, a sort of peace pipe was smoked between us by means of a party tended us by the Sophs. The peace then concluded ended all wars over the Sophomore tree.

With advancing Spring came a rage for arbutus, wherewith each youth adorned some lovely damsel; and it was soon after this that, not to be behind our predecessors, we challenged the Sophomores to a contest à la Diogenes on the pleasant waters of the river Crum. Needless to say that '82 was

chivalrous enough to gallantly resign the medal, both in this and the following year, to one of its traditional enemies and competitors. Soon the class was busily engaged in preparing for those bugbears of existence, the Finals, whose frightful visions haunted their footsteps by day and their pillows by night. When Pi propositions and German constructions no longer vexed our brains, all attention was turned to the wonderful class supper, when our friends of '80 honored us by their presence and their aid in disposing of the luscious viands under which the tables groaned. With this flourish of knives and forks, three of our college years have been closed with great gratification to the Epicures of the class, if not to all.

In the Sophomore year the festal board was graced by our former classmates; but, when the jovial Juniors clinked their lemonade glasses brim tobrim, while song and sparkling speech betokened the "feast of reason and the flow of soul," their wondrous witticisms and epigrams were heard by none save their own esoteric circle.

The thirty-six sensible Sophomores, who occupied that pleasant south room in the dear old college of ante ignem days, preserved well their reputation for go-aheadativeness. The fact is, throughout our college course, we have always been ready to urge petitions and requests for any and all privileges—but the trouble has been that we were always a year too late or too early. Being of a decidedly musical turn, the class desired to perform the latest operatic music on the usual Friday evenings. Alas! Just as we aspired to this blessed privilege, it was found highly objectionable by the Faculty. Several excursions were planned by energetic members. All the comfort we had was, "You're too young; wait 'til you're Juniors." How we envied those lucky Juniors, and how we gloried in our own renown when there came a day when we really had something whereof to boast, something that made '82 conspicuous among ye college men-when eleven of the seventeen medals of the Athletic Association were carried off at the Spring meeting by our boys, taken too with records that compared favorably with those of the Mott Haven contests.

While Winter still spread his icy mantle o'er the slumbering flowers, the class attended the second party so kindly given them by '80. For days the halls were rife with people; and mysterious forms flitted about under shelter of gossamers and shawls. When at length the evening arrived, the parlors presented a scene worthy of the carnival of Rome itself, so motley the attire of the gay masqueraders,—or fancy dressers, to be more accurate. During the winter also, the timid debutantes of '82 made their first appearance on the study room stage, after vigorous practising for some weeks previous in the Lyceum. On this auspicious occasion, '82 first displayed those brilliant oratorical talents, of which our orator of the day will give you an example. The singing of birds and the cry of the turtle was not the only music the spring brought; for melodious chants were wafted skyward from our throats as we sang around our newly planted elm, which no Freshie attacked or worm destroyed. When the agile june-bug obviated the necessity for evening collection, the Sophomore room became a favorite

lounging-place during the long twilights, and after the co-educationers had finished their croquet; so that when the time had arrived to twine the fir tree, the pine, and the box together to beautify the study room for the Seniors, the class was as united as could be wished. On Class Day the girls of '82 received a testamentary bequest from their associate sisters, which made their hearts beat high with joy, and every fibre tingle with anticipation. A beateous double-runner—Pheidippides—was made over solemnly to the delighted legatees, who received the gift with open arms, and triumphantly bore it to the deepest recesses of the cellar, to await the time when they should swiftly glide past all competitors of the sterner sex, and reach the foot of the hill in victory.

Soon, all too soon, the lazy months without an R had passed, and '82 returned to Swarthmore, to partake once more of the "hackneyed hash," granite grits, and the soul inspiring Sunday night "sawdust," and to enjoy, yea verily, the time-honored privileges of Juniors. To sum up these hereditary rights in one grand stupendous whole, we were actually allowed to use the front door, and sun ourselves on the massive steps of the porch. What more could we ask! To be sure, the usual chestnuting party was forbidden; in the Junior sanctum, (which by the way, reminded us all the year of Greenland's icy mountains) our lowest tones were thought too loud for such close proximity to the reading room, and even the silvery tinkle of our historical rattle seemed offensive; though to the girls the fence-rail was as impassable a barrier as the Pillars of Hercules to the Ancients, while friendly inter-collegiate base ball for the boys was obnoxious to the Faculty; -what were all these petty restrictions when we had the glorious, the inestimable privilege of treading softly the velvet carpet of the front hall, and opening the ponderous doors which "on their hinges grated harsh thunder!" In spite, however, of slight drawbacks to supreme felicity, when winter came with some eight delightful weeks of skating and coasting, we fully deserved the cognomen of Jolly Juniors. Many were the afternoons spent in lightly gliding over the ice-bound creek, or swiftly rushing down the snowv hills.

Class society fell into a decline towards the latter part of the year, and gradually became so low that the Doctor ordered absolute rest and change of air; so the poor thing was sent away for an indefinite length of time to the martial strains of our original march—

"Lis—ten my—children—and you shall hear, Of—the mid—night ride—of Paul—Revere," etc.

Travelling expenses borne by the class.

Useless to say that the preparations for our first entertainment given to '84 were not carried on in the Junior room, which had been furnished with glass doors for our reception, as the Faculty knew us to be an open, ingenuous class who would wish their most secret proceedings laid open to the gaze of every passer-by,—even to the preparation of tableaux and charades.

No thunder cloud darkened our horizon during the term, nor did anything especially brilliant mark our annals until the time for examination arrived,

when '82 distinguished itself as usual, and left the sheltering arms of its Alma Mater with all the new fledged dignity of "most potent, grave, and reverend Seniors."

When September arrived, with its grapes and apples, its warm hazy days and delicious, cool nights, '82 assembled—a valiant band of twenty—in our Senior room at Swarthmore. Anticipations were high for a delightful year, plans innumerable formed, and all went "merry as a marriage bell" for some ten days.

Never did Swarthmore look more beautiful than on that memorable Sunday evening, September 25th, 1881. The soft cool air was so refreshing after the heat of the day that we lingered on the lawn long after the sunset rays had faded from the western sky, and even when the "sinking stars invited to sleep" were loath to exchange the beauty of the night for our heated rooms. Well might we linger; for, little as we thought it, that night was our last at Swarthmore, and the morrow's sun was to rise only on a mass of blackened ruins in the place of our stately building. The fiery fiend came, saw, and conquered; and wherever his flaming tongue leaped and crackled lay only smoldering devastation. By the fire, the whole current of our Senior year was changed, and, turned from its smooth pebbled channel, it has threaded its arduous way over a rough mountain declivity, passing in its determined course, many a contending rock, many an interfering obstacle. When incombustible Swarthmore decided to make classic those Media groves which had hitherto heard nothing more scholastic than the idle chatter of the summer boarders, and the tin horn of the rusticating infant, '82 actively assisted the authorities in their Herculean labor of bringing order out of chaos. So quickly was this accomplished that ten days had scarcely elapsed before we were deep in the categories of Aristotle, and mastering with avidity Hallam's abstruse speculations on the English Constitution. Our twenty had been diminished by one since the fire,—the largest man in the class having departed for lack of room in which to pursue his chemical studies; and the familiar call "Turton, how's Turton?" was heard no more.

Our long talked of chestnuting party came off, but not without a preventive of excessive co-education on our tramp in the shape of a grim, stern instructor, who would repress by his example every semblance of a smile or giggle. While the improvised Senior room lacked many conveniences, it has been well patronized; especially during the last few months, when class meetings have been the order of the day, and our worthy President has had his hands full in the effort to keep debaters on class matters below the boiling point. "Pardon the digression," as a certain worthy friend of ours says, but this sketch would be incomplete without some mention of the Friday evenings with Mrs. Wood which the Senior girls so much enjoyed during the early part of the year, when our kind Matron combined a delightful social entertainment with the pleasure of a well-conducted reading circle.

In spite of their hereditary feud, Seniors and Juniors have been good comrades this year, and shortly before Christmas a plan was broached whereby this friendship could be still more closely united. After elaborate > preparation, a mock trial was held with all due solemnity. The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the reception parlor of the Chestnut Grove House; the parlor which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of Friday night oyster suppers; the parlor where Vallie was to confront the High Court of Justice with the sweet good nature that has half redeemed his calculus fame. Neither law, nor civil pomp was wanting. The hall was kept clear by tipstaves. The musty old walls were hung with cobwebs. The charge was serious. Vallandingham Hawkins was accused of arson—the burning of Swarthmore—by Margaret Hallowell, the owner of said college, who had rented it to the Managers for a dollar a year. As the plaintiff was proved a "vindictive" character, and the defendant a person of remarkable sweet and Christian temper, he was released from custody without punishment.

Throughout our Senior year study has been appermost, for so little time was available for frolic, and our quarters were so cramped, that the only great festivity we indulged in was a fancy dress party for the Sophomores. '82 as a class is not sentimental; for if there is one thing more than another that we have thoroughly learned it is that "all the emotions of our souls are treasures," and that to "carefully economize them until the moment comes to employ them to advantage" is the chief end of man. Much of the time that would otherwise have been spent in recreation we have been toiling over pages and pages of elocution notes, containing such interesting items as "a tale bearer [revealeth secrets]-; but he is a r. h. h. o. supine faithful spirit,] concealeth the matter-r. h. h. o. prone." Who can say that in elecution our time has not been profitably employed? For we have learned that language less spellable indeed than the language of the United States, but in obscure vowels, in consonant markings, in aptitude for all the highest purposes of the lexicographer, the professional elocutionist, and the phonetic spelling inferior to the tongue of the Laplanders alone. In the journalistic line we have done well, four of our members being on the Epicurean, two on the Phanix staff; while all three societies have had energetic members from our ranks. Towards the close of this year came increasing work; for we soon found that our petition to the Faculty for no final week had evidently been granted by them with a secret reservation that we should have examinations and all usual recitations crowded into one short period of seven days. Poor suffering humanity can stand much however, and we all managed to pass through the fiery furnace unscathed, leaving only our quartos and folios behind in the book-room for our worthy successors. To them, fair damsels and brave youths of '83, we bequeath the Senior robes of state, trusting that its mantle of dignity may ever remain unsullied, its sharp Damascus blade keep well its brightness in defence, and its trusty shield of brass lose not its power of protection.

GLASS '82 POEM.

OLD EIGHTY-TWO.

High-revel fills the lofty hall
Of Swarthmore famed in story,
And joyous classmates, one and all,
Deep pledge her risen glory.
Glad songs they sing,
Lond, loud make ring
The yaulted arches hoary.

Of days long since passed by, the song,
Once sung by youth and maiden
Who at Commencement thrilled the throng,
Then parted parchment laden.
Those days of yore,
Now long since o'er,
Were dear to youth and maiden!

Full many a merry jest goes round,
And many a tale's related;
Full many a laugh is heard resound
At each old feat narrated:
With many a boast
Each makes his toast,
By loud applause elated.

Now stately rises from his chair Before the lengthy table, The class's chieftain—he whose hair And beard are black as sable: His voice is heard, And scarce his word To still the applause is able.

"Fair dames and bearded men are ye
Whom now I see before me,
And as I scan you gay and free,
Thoughts of the past come o'er me.
Still classmates true,
I ween, are you,
Despite life's conflict stormy!

"Once more I hold in mind the scene,
When, comrades, we assembled,
And stood upon the campus green;
With dread each speaker trembled;
But waxing brave
With gesture grave,
A hero soon resembled.

"Each hill and vale, each mead and wood
Was wrapt in sunlight golden;
The distant river's silvery flood
Swept on through channel olden;
The new-raised walls
Of Swarthmore's halls
Well might faint heart embolden.

"The record of our class career
We heard with proud elation;
With hope the vision of our seer,
With wonder the oration;
Alas! our mine
With wretched rhyme
Alone abused his station!

"How true the words our prophet spoke,
Once laughed at with derision!
Though greeted as an idle joke,
How faithful was her vision!
Each youthful mate
Hath met the fate
Foretold with strict precision.

"There sits the maid now old become,
And at her side the lawyer;
The doctress there, oft grave and glum,
A famous life destroyer:
With thoughts of pills
Your brain she fills,
I' faith, I'ld not employ her!

"Beside that belle from foreign land
I see the beau-ideal;
The preacher, too, of manner bland,
Inflamed with pious zeal:
But every brow
Is wreathed, I trow,
With joy and pleasure real!

"Full many a year is past and gone,
Since we were wont to wander
Through shady woods—o'er dewy lawn,
And on our theses ponder:
Each nook and dell
By memory's spell
To us grows yearly fonder.

"E'en now methinks in darksome glen
Lit by the moon-beam's glimmer,
I see below by rock and fen
The stream's reflecting shimmer:
Through many a year
That scene so dear
Has ne'er to me grown dimmer.

"And now methinks in crowded hall I sit, and hear eight lasses
And one lone fearless youth appall
The wonder-stricken masses:
And now we stand,
And to each hand
The longed-for sheepskin passes.

"Aye! Many a year is past and o'er,
Since, classmates we were parted;
But now around the board once more
We gather joyous-hearted:
Filled is each seat,
Each face we greet,
Nor mourn for one departed.

"We are a class of high renown,
Our fame was sullied never;
Or Fortune smile or Fortune frown,
Our bonds no time shall sever:
I pledge with you
Old Eighty-two
Forever and forever!"

The speaker ends: with deep applause Each comrade shouts his praises, And starting up with loud huzzahs On high the right hand raises:

"Old Eighty-two!

We pledge to you Our love through all-life's phases."



PROPHEGY OF GLASS '82.

ON a lofty mountain, the oldest and tallest of earth's children, stands the aged prophet with awe-struck novice at his feet. He points with outstretched arm to the curling billows of gray clouds which surge noiselessly around the island summit. As far as the eye can reach, naught can be seen in the dimness of space but these slow moving mists; here, soft and fleecy, as if they spread their arms protectingly over some happy valley; here, heavy with rain, they seem in their angry tossing to beckon the hungry waves which murmur hoarsely back to them; in places, black with the smoke of war or conflagration, they cower down willing to hide the desolation below. A mingled sound arises in which only a louder surge of the ocean, the din of battle, or the shrill cry of rejoicing thousands can be distinguished. The eternal stars seem to look pityingly down upon the tossing and surging which covers a contention of human souls even wilder than this strife and anarchy.

Rapt the prophet speaks:-

"Thou hast a vision from thy mountain top, Built all of cloud which shall not waste nor slip Into the waters of forgetfulness."

"To find the rolling sphere Beneath thy feet, The past and present here Mingled as one."

Following his gaze where the clouds are tinged with smoke of a great city, a rift is made, and a court-room is seen in the City of Brotherly Love. Judge and jury are in their seats; we turn from twelve of the most empty, vacuous faces eloquent counselors could desire, to the judge; what a contrast do we find in that dignified, yet nervous and forcible countenance whose keen, black eye no motion, no expression escapes! It seems familiar to us, for he has presided before in a narrower room and over fewer members. A lawyer rises to speak, whom, though she is unknown to us, we watch with no less interest; for rare, womanly dignity and a strong love of justice render her countenance most beautiful. The judge listens with most respectful attention and deep interest to her pleading; and meanwhile, the prophet tells of his home and of his wife, for whose sake all other women lawyers find him most just and courteous. As he rises to give his charge to the jury, and while we strain our ears to catch his words, the clouds drift together and they are gone.

Again the prophet turns; in the far South, the clouds are wafted slowly apart and a fair homestead appears. Northern comfort and southern luxury are united here; fair orchards and gardens surround the house, and the voices of happy children are heard in merry play. Glancing through one of the windows, a library lined with books is seen; Kant in the original is the most conspicuous and the lesser lights of his school, but Cicero and Lucretius are not forgotten, nor the Greek of Plato, while Emerson lies near by for light reading. Our attention is immediately attracted, however, by the head of a lady, no weighty coiffure or unsightly bangs disfigure it; but its generous outlines are well preserved by waving locks. She is writing and the prophet reads:—

"Each monad is a microcosm; chemistry tells us each atom is a whirling vortex; astronomy tells us this universe is also a vortex; ergo, microcosms and macrocosms, monad and universe, omnes similés."

Gently the clouds float together, and far to the horizon the aged man points where a cloud of white mist is rising thick and heavy; up steams the vapor, filling the sky for hundreds of miles; gradually it subsides, and our eyes wander far over the blue surface of a vast inland sea. There is no longer a great Sahara Desert, and Africa is born again to fertility and enterprise. But the one who has made this possible stands, a slight figure, calmly watching the curl of the waves while cheer after cheer goes up from the crowd; for there is no one near whose sympathy is dear to him, nor can he catch inspiration from the strange faces of the crowd; science, though dear is not the sole mistress of his heart.

The clouds cast a grateful shade where once the burning desert was, and we look again a little nearer to our feet; and there is disclosed a bustling western town. The houses are small and slightly built, but enterprise looks forth from every window, and even the clocks seem to strike more energetically than in the East. Pompously, there walks up the street a portly man with western swing and self-complacent air. And as he walks along, greeted by all, the prophet says:—

"Colonel Tisserand is a very great man, one of the most important men in Colorado. There is not a subject in which he is not well-versed—except mathematics. The languages are all mere play to him, he makes a new discovery in Natural History every month, in the versatility of his literary talents he resembles Lowell, while as a lawyer he would win every case if he ever had patience to try one; but, owing to this lack of concentrativeness, his great merits do not receive the pecuniary recompense which is their due."

Floating clouds intercept our vision, and divide again where smiling fields and hospitable homes are seen; and, near a farm-house door, surrounded by scraps of many colored silks and satins, sits a quiet Friend; the plainest of the plain she seems among the rainbow-colored heap, until she raises her head, and then the heart-felt smile of the blue eyes and the smoothness of the unwrinkled forehead belie the matronly form and dress. Away over the meadows, the click of the reaper comes persistently, and still

broad fields of yellow grain are waving in the breeze; the spring-house and the dairy are filled with yellow cream and butter, and the cows are lowing peacefully in the pasture.

The clouds pass over, while in a low tone the prophet quotes :-

"T were well

If more and more we found the troth

Of fact and fancy plighted,

And culture's charm and labor's strength

In rural homes united.

"The simple life, the homely hearth With beauty's sphere surrounding, And blessing toil where toil abounds With graces more abounding."

A strange change appears where next we look; society is spread before our gaze, society in all its splendor, with gleaming lights and sparkling smiles; but the tallest figure, the broadest smile, the largest, darkest eyes, belong to one whom we have seen before; he sings, and all hang breathless on his notes; he speaks, and as he raises his arm majestically on high, the murmur of assent proves that persuasion rests upon his lips. A gray hair or two, there is, in contrast to the dark; and a few wrinkles, caused by much smiling, lurk round his eyes or are concealed by his moustache; but loth is he to join the dowagers and cards, nor will beauty and youth suffer him to desert them.

The mists, as reluctant to hide the brilliant circle, slowly veil its splendors, and our eyes seek the rest of quieter scenes. We see the aunt,—"The sweetest woman ever Fate Perverse denied a household mate." The aunt and elder sister, too; for six sisters turn to her for aid and counsel, and and nephews and nieces by sixes come thronging round her. Happy the children, happy the aunt

"Who, lonely, homeless, not the less Found peace in love's unselfishness, And welcome, wheresoe'er she went."

Naught is too trivial, too childish for her sympathy, her interest, since

"The morning dew, that dies so soon With others, glistened at her noon."

Slowly the prophet turns, and the clouds of a northern sky disperse; a meeting house is below; and, as the Friends assemble, a strange buzzing sound arises which the prophet explains by saying that almost all their names begin with Z in that part of the country. All are settled, and in solemn stillness, they await the moving of the Spirit; at last a Friend arises whom we have known before. Slowly drop his words of wisdom that its full flavor may be extracted from each; and, from the woman's side of the Meeting, a meek face is upturned to the speaker in loving reverence; well

she follows St. Paul's injunction to learn of her husband, but her face is tired and hints of toil and patience.

Again, we glance across the ocean, and it is the streets of Paris that meet our view,—Paris, city of fashions and of students; one alone interests us as we see her, the "humanizing influence," of a vast lecture hall. Though the lecture is in French, the notes on the paper show that a certain exercise called "abstracts" has not been in vain; and yet on the margin are other notes, which, cabled across the ocean, will prove E. B. B. not unworthy of her initials, and predict for America a second Dr. Holmes, filling at once the noblest sphere of human industry, and ministering to the highest wants of the human mind. Self-sustained and unconscious, she walks the streets of Paris with one aim,—to prove that Dr. Breen is not a necessity, and Dr. Zay not a fiction.

Home again we turn; in the West, from one of those colossal brick school-houses, which prove that education is taken by storm, come doleful sounds; we eagerly look, and there within, short yet giving the impression of great height, stands the teacher. Her gray eyes glow with enthusiasm; as, with not only the force of her whole breath, but the force of her whole life and heart, she rapidly runs through all the Ah, E, Oo's finishing with "Done to death!" and descending breathlessly she says, "Practice these whenever you are tired of study and want rest, and now I will give you the guiding star of life, — "Never in any action of our lives should we expend more force than is absolutely necessary to accomplish it!" Rapidly the piping voices repeat, "Never in any action of our lives, etc;" but the cloud passes, muffling their tones, and "Silence like a poultice comes to heal the blow of sound." We know it is the last year of her school life, and feel glad that, in the ample home awaiting her, there is room both to hurry and to rest.

Dear to the Friend's heart is Pennsylvania, and again we look upon its fair lands. On the shady porch sits a man whom we may describe in one word, cherubic; the neighboring boys call him the Reverend D. D. when moved to mirth, but they dearly love him, for, remembering the giddy pranks of his own young days, he casts a lenient eye on hot-blooded youth. Around lie planes and hammers, and before him rises a vast structure with cranks and handles and pulleys. Surely mathematics are not useless, when such a machine as the $\pi o \lambda \hat{v}$ $\pi o vo \hat{v} \mu e vo g$ churn heralds a new era in the world! The dasher moves, and already in the annals of progress, we see the inventor's name enrolled.

In the South again a vista is made. Tropical foliage springs luxuriantly, and through the vines and bending orange trees comes one, half child, half woman; southern indolence is expressed in the languor of the dark eyes, in every curve and motion, and the soft words of the Spanish tongue flow gently from her lips as she gaily chats with the stately gentleman at her side; but quaintly sounds from his southern tongue the English name of Phœbe, and Jowler is the name of the dog sporting at her feet.

The clouds shade for a moment this vale of indolence, and when we look again the Old World meets our sight, our mother country, and here all the

turrets and towers of a baronial castle; the wide park and soft English turf prove that for centuries it has been the home of nobility. Stately, from under the carved door-way, steps a middle-aged lady of great dignity of bearing; we can easily imagine her dispensing generous hospitality or among the poor and lowly, blessing their children with queenly grace; but now there is a far-away look in her eyes, her thoughts are beyond the sea with the friends of her young days, with those among whom her youth was passed. In fancy, she sees before her feet the calmly flowing Delaware, and as she thinks thus of the days that are past, she breaks into simple song,

"Oh to see or hear her singing! scarce

I know which is divinest,-

For her looks sing too, -she modulates her gestures on the tune,

And her mouth stirs with the song-like song; and when the notes are

'Tis the eyes that shoot out vocal light and seem to swell them on."

The curtain of mist falls over the portrait of a lady, and dark clouds slowly open as loth to give us a glimpse of the capital of our country. A gentleman is just rising to speak, and a murmur runs around, "The great capitalist, Senator C., he represents the flour interest." Keenly we watch his shrewd face with gray eyes set close together, and follow his words, as he hastily reviews the financial condition of the nation showing how the present crisis may be averted. Much applause greets the common sense views of this prompt and energetic business man; but, as another rises to speak, we turn to the Chinese minister's reception among a crowd of wits and celebrities.

The minister's wife is a lady whom we knew of yore; tall she towers as she glances down into the Mongolian's love-lit eyes, and in fulness of figure she corresponds to the Oriental idea of beauty. A leader of society she is celebrated for her elegant entertainments, and, since she is obliged to talk for both, her tongue can hardly be said to run too rapidly. Hard was it for her to be called Elizabeth O. Whang Chin Hoo, but silent devotion at last prevailed.

Again we turn from society's glare to the quiet country, through the clouds, comes peering a vast round something, like a high umbrella thrusting its point fiercely upward to menace the clouds, but, as the mists sink we behold a few gray walls beneath, and know that it is a dome with kindred domes of lesser growth beside. Far below among the oaks wanders a lady; a little listless are her movements, and, though the youngest of those we have yet seen, there is a wistful, tired look in the languid black eyes as if they saw afar the desert of her hopes, lines about the drooping mouth tell of waiting, of hope deferred, of years too purposeless to pass quickly, and yet in a gleam from the eye, in a fleeting smile, youth and the future re-assert their power in dreams and visions.

The bright lights of the theatre dazzle us when next we look; a band of strolling players perform to-night, positively their last appearance,

says the play-bill, before they sail for Australia. The celebrated Signor Bannerio is to appear as Captain Absolute, in which role he is unsurpassed, after which he will give some of his inimitable Dicken's impersonations. The performance will be concluded by an exhibition of ventriloquism in which Signor Bannerio will bark as a dog, mew as a cat, etc. In forward glances, we see the Signor, though with a shorter name, rough and bronzed, "hail fellow well-met" with all, riding wildly over his broad sheep-ranch, a wealthy and influential colonist.

Around Boston learning gathers instinctively and societies spring up spontaneously, societies for charity, reform, and all good works, but most especially for culture. In a most parliamentary manner are these conducted, and upon their members rests a weight of responsibility hard to uphold. Presiding with all due dignity and decision over one of these, we recognize an old friend. Small is she, so that it is with difficulty she wields the weighty gavel, and standing to recognize the speakers, her eyeglasses barely reach the top of the president's chair; but a steady stream of words flows from her lips, as she stands firmly supported by the constitution, and none is found so bold as to question her decision. A true New Englander you would say, did not now and then an accent of a shortened vowel speak of Philadelphia. The president of one society, a member of many, she yet finds time for those historical researches in which she delights, and which one day may profit others.

Now for the last time, the clouds reluctantly move asunder among the lakes and hills of New Hampshire. Eagerly we catch a glimpse of blue mountains and sparkling waters; but, as the discordant sounds of many cats come wailing up, and the "Last Rose of Summer" in the cracked notes of an untuned piano, the eagerness fades, and the questioner cries; "Stay! O prophet, hold not up the glass to the loneliness of bent and wrinkled old age; rather let the pitying clouds cast their mantle over it."

Silently spread the mists then, and under their soft covering all hearts find rest, troubled by neither the past nor the future, as "Night like a motionless veil hid all the rim of the earth."



COMMENGEMENT,

HELD AT SWARTHMORE, JUNE 20th, 1882.

PROGRAMME.

1.	Salutatory Address.—With oration! "A Plea for the Classics,"
	Margaret E. Hallowell.
2.	The Ancient Civilization of Egypt Sarah S. Green.
3.	Henry W. Longfellow, Man and Poet Elizabeth Haslam.
4.	Saronarola Charlotte E. Brewster.
5.	Mental Fetters Edith B. Blackwell.
6.	The Greek Idea of Sorrow Mary E. Gale.
7.	Classical Oration: The Spirit of the Greek and Norse Mythologies. Emily E. Wilson.
8.	Scientific Oration: The Sun the Centre of the Solar System. George C. Phillips.
9.	Valedictory Address Bertha Cooper.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES,

CANDIDATES FOR DEGREES.

BACHELOR OF ARTS.

W. LLWELLYN BANER.

EDITH B. BLACKWELL.

WILLIAM P. BUTLER, JR.

C. HERBERT COCHRAN.

P. FRANCES FOULKE.

MARY E. GALE.

SARAH S. GREEN.

MARGARET E. HALLOWELL.

CHARLES PALMER.

HORACE L. ROSSITER.

GERRIT E. H. WEAVER.

EMILY E. WILSON.

EDGAR M. ZAVITZ.

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE.

GEORGE C. PHILLIPS.

CHARLES B. TURTON.

BACHELOR OF LITERATURE.

CHARLOTTE E. BREWSTER.

BERTHA COOPER.

ELIZABETH E. HART.

ELIZABETH HASLAM.

ELIZABETH M. OGDEN.

ARTHUR C. DAWSON.

(Class of 1880.)

MASTER OF ARTS.

CARROL R. WILLIAMS, A. B. (1877.) L. L. B. (Univ. of Pa. '80).

HOWARD DAWSON, A. B. (1878.)

EDWARD MARTIN, A. B. (1878.)

CIVIL ENGINEER.

SAMUEL CRAIG McCOMB, B. S. (1879.)



SOMERVILLE LIMERARY SOGIEMY.

A MONG the various societies of the college there is, perhaps, none more illustrious than the Somerville. Within these narrow bounds, 'tis woman rules supreme; and with such success and efficiency does she fulfil her duties that the stronger sex have to award her the palm of victory.

The object of the society is literary improvement, and, in the minds of some perchance, a desire to fit its members for the positions they hope to hold when women have their rights. This supposition arises from the fact that the Somerville has, a short time since, decided (not unanimously however) that women should have equal rights with men.

The literary exercises of the society are instructive and varied; all topics are touched upon, from essays in the sublime style of Milton or Macaulay to the simple discussion of a bicycle. Women discussing the construction of a bicycle; think of that! Yet they do it, and with such success and ease that the best informed upon the subject could not fail to be interested.

Once in a great while the Somerville is honored by an invitation from one of the brother societies to hold a joint meeting—a great event, be assured. Ah! what a thrill of pleasure passes through the august assembly upon the announcement of such an invitation, as they contemplate the pleasure of surpassing the men in some wonderful literary feat.

The present year has brought few changes to the Somerville, save the addition of several valuable members. The Society Library, through the kindness of several friends, has partially recovered from its late losses. Convenient and spacious bookcases have been erected, and are being speedily filled.

A very interesting joint meeting between the Delphic and Somerville Literary Societies was held in February. The Annual Business Meeting and Reunion of April was also most satisfactory, showing the progress made by the society.

The Somerville, under the appropriate motto, "Snaviter in Modo Fortiter in Re," has, during the last twelve years, pursued a useful and successful career. It has, we think, not only been an aid in the progress and culture of its members, but also a beneficial organ in the college, and its good influence has been felt throughout its existence.

Officers of the Somerville Literary Society.

President,

Vice-President,

Recording Secretary,

Corresponding Secretary,

Treasurer,

Librarian,

Library Committee,

MARY WILLITS, '84.

MARY E. HUGHES, '84.

LIZZIE MORGAN, '85.

ALICE W. JACKSON, '83.

MINNIE F. BAKER, '85.

LAURA H. SATTERTHWAITE, '84.

SARAH L. HALL, '84.

LIZZIE MORGAN, '85.

Henive Members.

'83.

LYDIA S. GREEN. ALICE W. JACKSON. HELEN C. PYLE. FLORENCE N. HANES. BERTHA MATLACK. ANNIE E. TYLER.

EMMA WEBB.

84.

REBIE M. DOWNING. MARY E. HUGHES. SARAH L. HALL. MARY WILLITS.

LAURA H. SATTERTHWAITE.

MINNIE F. BAKER. ABBIE EVANS. MARY G. DIXON. EMMA J. HIZAR. LIZZIE MORGAN.

SADIE J. MALCOLM.

MARY D. PRATT.

'86.

HANNA BARTRAM.
ALICE H. COCK.
SALLIE A. HOOPES.
SALLIE B. MUTTHERSBAUGH.
JOSIE TILTON.
ABBIE WILLIAMSON.

EMMA S. BONES.
SAIDEE E. CONROW.
ELLA MERRICK.
MARIAN SHARPLESS.
ANNIE UNDERHILL.
MARY W. WILLIS.

H. EVELYN POOKE.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

HELEN T. COMLY. ESTHER J. TRIMBLE. PHŒBE W. FOULKE. MARIA L. SANFORD.

ELLEN H. PRICE. * LUCRETIA MOTT. SELMA BORG. HELEN MAGILL.

* Deceased.





CUNOMIAN LIMERARY SOCIEMY.

ON the 7th of February, 1871, a few of the students of Swarthmore College met and formed the present Eunomian (Under Good Laws) Literary Society. The primary object of this society has ever been improvement in public speaking and debate.

Prior to the foundation of the Eunomian, no society had existed in Swarthmore; and it was not until then that any immediate measures had been taken to organize one. A few of the more ambitious students in the higher classes, seeing the need of such an organization, consulted the Faculty of the College with regard to it. Almost immediately permission was granted, and its founders went to work with the zeal and determination which only those who have an object in view and who mean to make it a success, can manifest. A Constitution and By-Laws were adopted, and then came the hardest work of all—the choosing of members. This, at first thought, might seem a very easy task; but, among so many who were anxious to join, it was a very difficult matter to choose those who would do good, honest work, and not those who would come to the meetings merely to pass away the time in a frivolous manner.

It might be well to say here that, at no time, has the Eunomian ever had a large number of active members, as only those in the higher classes who had a desire to improve themselves and promote the welfare of the society have been elected. To this, in a great measure, the Eunomian owes her entire success.

The meetings of the society are held on every alternate Tuesday evening during the college session, and consist of such exercises, of a literary nature, as may be chosen by the members. To promote to a greater degree the interests of the society, a library was formed during the latter part of the year 1874, which has now become one of the principal features of the society. At the present time, the number of books in the library amounts to five hundred and ninety-five (595), the largest society library in the college. In selecting these books, a careful choice has been made to have only those which are of a high standing. Sprinkled, here and there, we find some light works which have been accepted on account of the reputation of their authors; but the library is mainly made up of poetry, history and books of reference, which are indispensable, not only during a college course, but at all other times.

The spirit which has hitherto manifested itself justifies us in the belief that the society will fulfil the intentions of its founders—to survive and prosper as long as the college exists.

Offigers of The Eunomian Limerary Sogiemy.

President,
Vice-President,
Recording Secretary,
Corresponding Secretary,
Treasurer,
Censor,
Librarian,
Library Committee,

EDWARD A. PENNOCK, '83.

FRANK G. CALDWELL, '84.

PHILIP Q. CHURCHMAN, '85.

EGMONT T. NEGENDANK, '86.

CHARLES A. BUNTING, '83.

J. LYNN COCHRAN, '83.

PERCY C. WILLCOX, '86.

FREDERICK A. SEAMAN, Jr., '83.

WILLIAM P. HALLOWELL, Jr., '84.

EDWARD A. PENNOCK, '83.

PHILIP Q. CHURCHMAN, '85.

HGTIVE MEMBERS.

'83.

JOHN LYNN COCHRAN. EDWARD A. PENNOCK. FREDERICK A. SEAMAN, Jr. CHARLES S. PYLE. CHARLES A. BUNTING.

84.

FRANK G. CALDWELL. WILLIAM P. HALLOWELL, Jr.

'85.

JOSEPH D. COCHRAN. WILLIAM H. BOWNE, Jr. JOHN C. SCHOOLEY. PHILIP Q. CHURCHMAN.

SAMUEL S. SMEDLEY, JR.

'86.

GEORGE J. FREEDLEY.
C. PERCY WILLOX.
WILLIAM L. ELKINS, JR.
EDGAR M. SMEDLEY.
CHARLES I. MARSHALL.
EGMONT T. NEGENDANK.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

SAMUEL B. COOKE. CHARLES CAVENDER.

JOSEPH THOMAS, M. D., LL. D. JOSEPH LEIDY, M. D., LL. D.

WM. H. APPLETON, A. M., LL. D. FERRIS W. PRICE, A. B.

EDWARD H. MAGILL, A. M. REV. CHARLES G. AMES.

JAMES T. FIELDS. EDWARD HOPPER.

HUGH FOULKE. SAMUEL S. GREEN, M. S.

EUGÈNE PAULIN, A. M. GEORGE L. MARIS, A. M.



DELPHIG LIMERARY SOGIETY.

O meet a growing want for literary work, and a more extended field for displaying their oratorical powers, the Delphic Literary Society was founded in the year 1873. The society was founded, but it had not received the sanction of that angust body whose very semblance sends horror to the hearts of most college students—the Faculty. Petitions were presented for recognition, the authoritative body absolutely refused to notice them; but these men who had braved the storms to found a new organization, were not to be daunted by refusals of this kind. They boldly persevered in their cause, gathered new material, and, in a very short time, compelled that most respected body to cancel their old decree. At that momentous period, the Delphic Literary Society received the full-fledged rights enjoyed by its sister organizations. Thus, the society received its recognition as a potent factor in Swarthmore's welfare. It has always endeavored to maintain the reputation of having in the ranks men who are willing to work and do their duty to their foster-mother, as well as to their league, for social advancement. Among its members are enrolled men of acknowledged standing in art, literature and science. Of course, the society has experienced sore trials as well as days of triumph; but the bonds of brotherhood are so firmly forged that neither fire nor water, nor any other element can rend them asunder.

In order to make the beneficial effect of the society more keenly felt, the library was established in the early part of 1875. It has always been the desire to put only standard works on the shelves, and, by judicious management, the library has become a very valuable member of the society. From the great conflagration which destroyed all that was combustible of Swarthmore, the Delphic escaped quite fortunately. All of the most valuable records were saved. The library, on account of its position, was partly destroyed before it could be rescued. No sooner were we settled again than the Delphics were busy repairing the damages; and, by their untiring energy, they have, in the short space of ten months, made good all their losses and now are pursuing a prosperous career in the course of human events.

As hinted in the beginning, the principal literary exercises consist of debates. Questions of various importance are hotly discussed by the members. They are fond of revelling in mighty politics, in economical questions that sway the destinies of nations. This year, the tenth anniversary of the society will be celebrated, when all the members who have gone forth into the world will return once more. It will be a time of feasting and rejoicing; and, although Bacchus will receive a just share of the offer ings, Minerva will not, by any means, be slighted.



Officers of Ghe Delphic Linerary Sociemy.

President,

Vice President,

Recording Secretary,

Corresponding Secretary,

Treasurer,

Censor,

Marshal,

Librarian,

Library Committee,

JAMES E. VERREE, '83.

HORACE L. DILWORTH, '84.

HENRY J. HANCOCK, '84.

NOAH H. BROWNING, '85.

ROWLAND J. SPENCER, '86.

GUION MILLER, '83.

J. LAURENCE LIPPINCOTT, '86.

FREDERIC J. TAYLOR, '84.

GEORGE L. PENNOCK, '83.

HORACE L. DILWORTH '84.

AGTIVE MEMBERS.

²83.

EDGAR CONROW,

GUION MILLER,

S. DUFFIELD MITCHELL, GEORGE L. PENNOCK,

JAMES E. VERREE.

284.

HORACE L. DILWORTH,

JOHN D. FURNAS,

HENRY J. HANCOCK, EDWIN HAVILAND, JR.

FREDERIC J. TAYLOR.

'S5.

NOAH H. BROWNING.

'86.

BENJAMIN D. ANDREWS,

WILLIAM J. COLLINS,

NATHAN H. CONROW, J. LAURENCE LIPPINCOTT,

CHARLES PIDGEON,

ROWLAND J. SPENCER,

HUGH C. STOVER.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

-magizere-

EDWARD H. MAGILL, A. M. ALFRED A. WILLETS, D. D. EUGÈNE PAULIN, A. M.

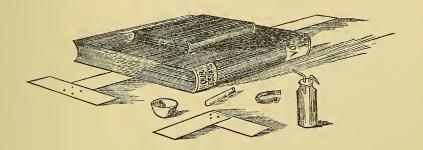
ARTHUR BEARDSLEY, C. E.

HUGH FOULKE,

JOSEPH W. TEETS,

THOMAS S. FOULKE,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.



THE SGIENTIFIG SOGIETY.

THE Scientific Society was founded in 1879. By the enthusiasm of its members and the character of their productions, one is led to suppose that scientific knowledge had been accumulating for years, and, at last, finding an opportunity for interpretation and dispersion in this society, has made supernatural advancement. There is another reason for supposing that their productions are the results of past accumulations, but it is better not to mention it in this connection.

The meetings are held monthly, at which science is dealt out in the form of two discussions and one essay. The essay read at each alternate meeting is written by a life-member. This is for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not life-members are doing what they should for the world after their training in the society.

A member of the Scientific Society cannot be cornered on a scientific subject, for the inevitable answer you receive to all unexpoundable questions is: "Where ignorance is bliss' tis folly to be wise."

The only question upon which they have failed to give unanimous decision is one which you might think came rather under the head of politics than science. The opinion of the majority of the society were expressed in the following preamble and resolution which was adopted: Whereas, It is our firm belief that the action of the Mosquito Bill would be detrimental to the best interest of mankind. Be it therefore

Resolved, That the Mosquito Bill should not be passed.

When you have nothing to talk about, the less you say the better; consequently, we shall refrain from enumerating any of the qualities, be they good or bad, of their Library. But the essays read before the society are bound and preserved and promise to form as good a monument to their work as any collection they could make. Posterity, realizing the following fact, will doubtless take great interest in examining these productions.

The laws of science 'lay hid in night,'

The fellows said: "Let's have a society," 'and all was light.'

OFFIGERS OF GHE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

PRESIDENTS.

F. A. SEAMAN, Jr., '83. 1st. half year.C. S. PYLE, '83. 2d. half year.

VICE PRESIDENTS.

F. G. CALDWELL, '84. 1st. half year.W. P. HALLOWELL, Jr., '84. 2d. half year.

SECRETARIES AND TREASURERS.

J. L. COCHRAN, '83. 1st. half year.H. L. DILWORTH, '84. 2d. half year.

CURATORS.

F. J. TAYLOR, '84. 1st. half year.F. G. CALDWELL, '84. 2d. half year.

HGTIVE MEMBERS.

'83.

C. A. BUNTING,

J. L. COCHRAN,

W. A. KISSAM, Jr.,

00.

E. A. PENNOCK,

C. S. PYLE,

F. A. SEAMAN, JR.

'84.

F. G. CALDWELL,

H. L. DILWORTH,

J. D. FURNAS,

W. P. HALLOWELL, Jr.,

E. HAVILAND, Jr.,

F. J. TAYLOR.

'85.

W. H. BOWNE, JR.,

J. C. SCHOOLEY, JR.,

W. P. FISHER, JR.

'86.

W. J. COLLINS,

C. F. KOHL.

THE LIMERARY GLUB.

THE Literary Club, after many trials and tribulations, was finally established about the middle of the present college year. Its purpose is to fill out the English classes of Professor Appleton; and, from present appearances, it bids fair to succeed. The only officers permitted are a Chairman and Secretary; but since they answer every purpose, what more could be desired? Its members consist of the Literary Sections, together with those Classicals who are members of the English classes, and who are elected by the Club.

REBIE M. DOWNING, Chairman.

MARY G. DIXON, Secretary.

EMMA S. BONES.

LIZZIE H. COCKS.

MARY G. DIXON.

REBIE M. DOWNING.

SALLIE A. HOOPES.

EMMA HIZAR.

ALICE W. JACKSON.

BERTHA MATLACK.

HELEN C. PYLE.

H. EVELYN POOKE.

LILLIE J. PUSEY.

FLORENCE A. PUSEY.

EDWARD A. PENNOCK.

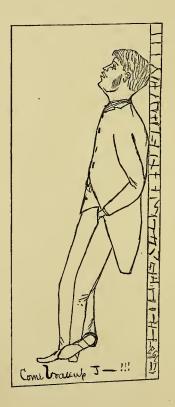
ROWLAND J. SPENCER.

ANNIE E. TYLOR.

JAMES E. VERREE.

ELMA C. WILLETS.

MARIAN W. ZORNS.



GLEE GLUB.

A S Swarthmore is a Co-educational College, its Glee Club should, unquestionably, be composed of both male and female voices. Thus far, all efforts in this direction have failed; but, as the feeling in regard to it is changing, we hope that those concerned will take heart and try again, and that the day is not far distant when their efforts will be crowned with success.

The voices of our present club are not divided according to the usual way of first and second tenors, and first and second basses; but are divided into tenors, baritones, and basses. As it was impossible to get a double quartette, this division was necessary.

TENORS.

FREDERICK A. SEAMAN, Jr., '83. JOHN L. COCHRAN, '83.

BARITONES.

FRANK G. CALDWELL, '84. EDWIN HAVILAND, Jr., '84.

Basses.

S. DUFFIELD MITCHELL, '83. GUION MILLER, '83.

Swarthmore Phœnix.

VOL. III.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE, JUNE, 1883.

No. 2

STAFF.

Editor: HENRY J. HANCOCK, '84.

Associate Editors:

MARY WILLITS, '84.

WILLIAM P. FISHER, JR., '85.

Staff:

Edwin Haviland, Jr., '84. Laura H. Satterthwaite, '84. Frank G. Caldwell, '84. Mary E. Whitson, '85. Rebekah M. Boyd, '86.

Business Manager: C. FRED. KOHL, '86.

THE BIRTH AND GAREER OF THE PHOENIX.

A feeling had long been held among the students that Swarthmore should have some kind of a paper to differ from the class and society papers and to fill the place of a college paper. Occasionally, a few enterprising students would start a paper, keep it up for a year or two, and then the matter would drop. At various times, petitions were sent to the Faculty by the students requesting that they be allowed to publish a paper That august body, in every instance, refused. The members of several different classes have worked zealously in this direction, but never were they allowed to publish a paper and to send copies of it outside the college precincts. The Epicurean, circulated for a few years among the students and instructors, was in its province a success; yet a college paper, in due form, had never been established until the enterprising Class of '83, braving all dangers, took up the matter with heart and soul.

In the fall of '81, while the ruins of the College building were yet smoldering, after much consultation, many whisperings, many nods and winks, and many "don't tell yets," at length the secret was out. A college paper had actually come into existence. From the flames of the destroyed building, from the ashes of its predecessors, in spite of diverse conflicting circumstances, unscathed and undaunted, upward soared the Phanix. So, although a bird of simple habits and modest pretences as to personal appearance, it spread its gentle brown wings and set forth on its journey to join the papers of other colleges.

It was decided that each of the college classes should be represented on the staff. A constitution was drawn up with regulations and laws adapted "to meet the exigencies of any occasion" likely to occur. After the publication of the all-important Vol. I, No. 1, all excitement subsided, every one's curiosity was appeased, the most curious disappointed remarking: "Pshaw! is that all to make such a time about!" but the *Phænix* was a reality.

Of the rest of this, its first year, little need be said. It received favorable notices and kindly encouragement from the columns of some of its exchanges. Though started a little late in the college year, success crowned its infancy. Struggling through the critical season when "finals" laid low "fair women and brave men," surviving their convalescing months, July, August and September, it came out again in the fall of '82; but, lo, what a change! It had emerged from its long clothes, so to speak; for it had dis-

carded its rather unhandy size and had donned a more convenient form, making up for the reduced size of the sheet by an increase in the number of pages. Thus, it re-appeared with increased prosperity. Its circulation has almost doubled; interest for its welfare is apparent on all sides.

We might insert at this point, in a parenthesis, that the "Freshies" occupied a prominent place in the locals at the beginning of the year. Lately, poor things, one, rushing up to another who holds the latest issue in his hands, eagerly inquires: "What's in the *Phænix* this month about us?" Upon being told, "Nothing," "Freshie's" face lengthens, the smile of expectation dies away, he is left disconsolate at receiving no particular notice. Cheer up, "Freshie," "no news is good news."

Old ideas served up in—not a very new fashion—and articles that closely resemble essays, used on previous occasions for other purposes, have appeared a few times; yet, on the whole, for a bird as yet hardly fledged, the *Phænix* is thriving. We are in doubt whether its fabled ancestor ever sang; still we imagine we have heard a few notes from the *Phænix*, and we hope that it may be eventually able to fly aloft on strong pinion, filling the air with its songs of well-deserved triumph. Long life to the *Phænix!* and, when it prepares its funeral pyre and dies, may a successor arise from its ashes in renewed splendor.



ATHLETIG ASSOCIATION.

IN the fire that destroyed the Main College Building, September 25th, 1881, were burned the Constitution, By-Laws, and all minutes of this Association. A short time after, the present Constitution and By-Laws were adopted; and the Association began its new career. Missing the practice of the Gymnasium and the advantage of the extensive grounds, as a matter of course, no sports were held that Fall.

In spite of conflicting circumstances, on Saturday, April 29th, 1882, the ninth field meeting was held on the grounds of the "Delaware County Agricultural Society," at Elwyn, Pa. The comparatively poor records made at this meeting were due to the fact that the contestants were unable to pass through a proper course of training, as well as to the poor condition of the track.

At the beginning of the Fall term, great results were anticipated; but, as the Gymnasium was not re-opened until February, 1883, the records of the tenth field meeting were also below the mark. This meeting was held Saturday, November 4th, 1882, on the new grounds of the Association, at Swarthmore.

In the year 1881, it was decided to give gold medals to contestants who succeeded in breaking the best records of the Association. Mr. Hoopes of '84 has the honor of being the first recipient of the record medal. A new Club-room has been fitted up during the present College year, and was used for the first time at the regular meeting held January 30th, 1883.

Officers of Ghe Anhlenic Association.

President,	W. P. HALLOWELL, Jr., '84.
Vice-Presid	ent, E. A. PENNOCK, '83.
Secretary,	J. L. COCHRAN, '83.
Assistant Se	cretaries, G. MILLER, '83. First half year.
"	" W. H. BOWNE, Jr., '85. Second half year.
Treasurers,	E. HAVILAND, Jr., '84. First half year.
· ·	J. D. COCHRAN, '85. Second half year.
Marshals,	W. L. ELKINS, Jr., '86. First half year.
"	C. F. KOHL, '86. Second half year.
Gymnasium	Committee, S. D. MITCHELL, '83.
"	" E. HAVILAND, Jr., '84.
	" W. H. BOWNE, Jr., '85.
Track Com	nittee,
"	F. G. CALDWELL, '84.
"	W. H. BOWNE, Jr., '85.

HGTIVE MEMBERS.

B. ALLEN.

G. T. BARNSLEY.

W. H. BOWNE, JR.

F. A. BRASTOW.

S. BROWN.

W. BROWN.

C. A. BUNTING.

F. G. CALDWELL.

A. CHAMBERS.

M. L. CLOTHIER.

J. L. COCHRAN.

J. D. COCHRAN.

N. CONROW.

C. F. COPE.

W. J. CORNWALL.

W. L. ELKINS, JR.

F. A. ERRINGTON.

A. T. FAWCETT.

S. HAGERTY.

R. M. HALLOWELL.

W. P. HALLOWELL, JR.

H. J. HANCOCK.

E. HAVILAND, JR.

H. L. JACKSON,

H. A. KETCHAM,

W. A. KISSAM, JR.

C. F. KOHL.

J. L. LIPPINCOTT.

C. I. MARSHALL.

W. J. MARSHALL.

F. S. MERRILL.

E. MIDDLETON, JR.

C. C. MILLER.

G. MILLER.

S. D. MITCHELL.

G. H. MOORE.

A. C. NEEDLES.

E. T. NEGENDANK.

O. B. NEWHOUSE.

D. PACHECO.

E. A. PENNOCK.

R. W. PHILLIPS.

C. S. PYLE.

H. SANDERSON.

J. C. SCHOOLEY, JR.

F. A. SEAMAN, JR.

E. SMEDLEY.

C. A. SWEEZEY.

F. SWEEZEY.

J. THOMPSON.

J. E. VERREE.

G. WIGGINS.



SPRING ATHLETIC SPORTS.

GROUNDS OF DELAWARE COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, ELWYN, PA.

April 29th, 1882.

Hundred Yards' Dash,	W. L. Elkins, Jr.,	Time, 10 4-5 sec.
Standing High Jump,	E. Middleton,	Height, 4 ft. $4\frac{1}{8}$ in.
One Mile Run,	H. C. Shafer,	Time, 5 min. 56 sec.
Pole Vaulting,	E. Smedley,	Height, 7 ft. $10\frac{1}{2}$ in.
One Mile Walk,	R. Hoopes,	Time, 8 min. 45 sec.
440 Yards' Run,	H. Ketcham,	Time, $62\frac{1}{4}$ sec.
Fancy Bicycle Riding,	C. Cope.	
Running High Jump,	V. Hawkins,	Height, 5 ft.4 in.
Bicycle Race—One Mile,	D. Pacheco,	Time, 5 min. $48\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
220 Yards' Dash,	V. Hawkins,	Time, $25\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Putting the Shot,	G. Miller,	Distance, 28 ft. $2\frac{1}{4}$ in.
One-Half Mile Run,	C. Miller,	Time, $2 \text{ min. } 29\frac{1}{2} \text{ sec.}$
Ex-Members' Dash, (100 yards)	W. F. Dowdall,	Time, $11\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Running Broad Jump,	G. Miller,	Distance, 17 ft. $7\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Hurdle Race, (120 yards,)	V. Hawkins,	Time, $19\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
Throwing the Hammer,	R. Miller,	Distance, 64 ft. 7 in.
Standing Broad Jump,	C. Marshall,	Distance, 9 ft. 6 in.
Tug of War,	J. D. Furnas.	
	W. R. Dill.	
	F. G. Caldwell,	
	R. Hoopes,	Time, 53 sec.

FALL ДТНЬЕТІВ **SPORTS**.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION TRACK.

November 4th, 1882.

Hundred Yards' Dash,	W. L. Elkins, Jr.,	Time, 10 3-5 sec.
Standing High Jump,	E. Negendank,	Height, 4 ft. $5\frac{3}{4}$ in.
One Mile Run,	W. L. Elkins, Jr.,	Time, 5 min. 53_4^1 sec.
Pole Vaulting,	E. Smedley,	Height, 8 ft. $7\frac{3}{4}$ in.
One Mile Walk,	R. Hallowell,	Time, 9 min. 45 sec.
440 Yards' Run,	C. Miller,	Time, 1 min. 1 sec.
Fancy Bicycle Riding,	C. Cope.	
Running High Jump,	E. Smedley,	Height, 4 ft. $9\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Bicycle Race—(One Mile,)	D. Pacheco,	Time, 4 min. 35 sec.
220 Yards' Dash,	W. Vande Sande,	Time, 28 sec.
Putting the Shot,	J. Schooley,	Distance, 29 ft. $11\frac{1}{2}$ in.
One-Half Mile Run,	C. Miller,	Time, 2 min. $27\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Ex-Members' Dash, (100 yards)	W. F. Dowdall,	Time, $11\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
Running Broad Jump,	G. Miller,	Distance, 16 ft. $7\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Hurdle Race, (120 yards,)	F. G. Caldwell,	Time, $21\frac{1}{4}$ sec.
Throwing the Hammer,	G. Miller,	Distance, 63 ft. $3\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Standing Broad Jump,	C. Marshall,	Distance, 9 ft. 7 in.
Tug of War,	F. G. Caldwell,	
	J. D. Furnas,	
	J. C. Schooley, Jr.,	
٨	A. Fawcett,	Time, 56 sec.

BEST REGORDS MADE

AT SPORTS OF

бне Атниетів Association.

Hundred Yards' Dash, 10 2-5 sec.,	W. F. Dowdall,	May '80.
Standing High Jump, 4 ft. 9 in.	S. L. Clayton,	May '80.
One Mile Run, 5 min. 53 ¹ / ₄ sec.	W. L. Elkins, Jr.,	Nov. 4, '82.
Pole Vaulting, 8 ft. $7\frac{3}{4}$ in.	E. Smedley,	Nov. 4, '82.
One Mile Walk, 8 min. 45 sec.,	R. Hoopes,	April 29, '82
440 Yards' Run, 53 sec.,	S. Keemlé,	May 10, '79.
Running High Jump, 5 ft. 2 in.,	W. L. Baner and S. L. Clayton,	May '80.
Bicycle Race, One Mile, 4 min. 35 sec.	D. Pacheco,	Nov. 4, '82.
220 Yards' Dash, 23 2-5 sec.,	T. L. Moore,	May '80.
Putting the Shot, 36 ft.,	N. Lukens,	May 14, '81.
One-Half Mile Run, 2 min. $11\frac{1}{2}$ sec.,	J. M. Caley,	May '80.
Running Broad Jump, 20 ft. 1 in.,	W. L. Butler,	May '80.
Hurdle Race, (120 yards,) 19 sec.,	R. Higgins,	May 11, '78
Throwing the Hammer, 82 ft. 2 in.,	T. L. Moore,	May '80.
Standing Broad Jump, 9 ft. 10 in.,	T. L. Moore,	May '80.

Base Ball and Foom Ball Association.

OFFICERS.

President, WM. A. KISSAM, Jr., '83.

Secretary, WM. H. BOWNE, Jr., '85.

Treasurer, FREDERIC J. TAYLOR, '84.

Manager, S. DUFFIELD MITCHELL, '83.

FREDERICK A. SEAMAN, Jr., '83. Directors,

WM. P. HALLOWELL, Jr., '84.

PHILIP Q. CHURCHMAN, '85. "

HGTIVE MEMBERS.

BENJAMIN ALLEN. BENJAMIN ANDREWS. WM. H. BOWNE, JR. FRANK A. BRASTOW. WALTER A. BROWN. CHARLES A. BUNTING. FRANK G. CALDWELL. PHILIP Q. CHURCHMAN. MORTIMER CLARK. MORRIS H. CLOTHIER. L. WM. J. COLLINS. C. FREDERICK COPE. WALTER J. CORNWELL. CASPER H. DUHRING. ADDISON FAUCETT. GEORGE J. FREEDLEY. SUMMERFIELD HAGERTY. ROBERT M. HALLOWELL. WM. P. HALLOWELL, JR. HENRY J. HANCOCK. EDWIN HAVILAND, JR. LOUIS JACKSON. HENRY A. KETCHAM. WM. A. KISSAM, JR. C. FREDERICK KOHL. REGINALD LAWRENCE. LAWRENCE J. LIPPINCOTT. CHARLES I. MARSHALL.

WILLIAM S. MARSHALL. FRANK S. MERRILL. EDWIN MIDDLETON, JR. CHARLES C. MILLER. GUION MILLER. S. DUFFIELD MITCHELL. GEORGE H. MOORE. MILTON MONROE. EGMONT T. NEGENDANK. ARTHUR C. NEEDLES. DAVID PACHECO. GEORGE L. PENNOCK. RYLAND W. PHILLIPS. HENRY SANDERSON. JOHN C. SCHOOLEY, JR. FRED. A. SEAMAN, JR. EDGAR SMEDLEY. SAMUEL SMEDLEY. FERRIS SWEZEY. FREDERIC J. TAYLOR. HOWARD G. TAYLOR. GEORGE THOMPSON. JUSTICE THOMPSON. WM VANDE SANDE. JAMES E. VERREE. C. PERCY WILLCOX.



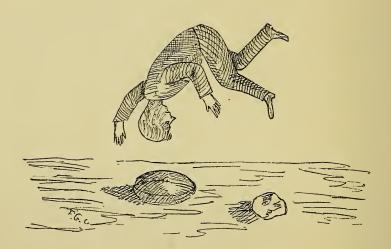


BASE-BALL RINE.

- G. MILLER, Catcher.
- E. SMEDLEY, Pitcher.
- C. MARSHALL, First Base.
- S. D. MITCHELL, Second Base.
- S. SMEDLEY, Third Base.
- E. NEGENDANK, Short-stop.
- J. E. VERREE, Left Field.
- L. LIPPINCOTT, Centre Field.
- W. VANDE SANDE, Right Field.
- F. MERRILL, Substitute.
- H. TAYLOR, Substitute.

BASE-BALL.

WYNNEWOOD, vs. SWARTHMORE.								
l, 22	2nd,	'82	2.					
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SHORTLIDGE, vs. SWARTHMORE. Media, Pa., April 26th, '82.								
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FOOT-BALL БЕАМ.

RUSHERS.

C. A. BUNTING,

J. C. SCHOOLEY, JR.,

J. E. VERREE,

W. L. ELKINS, JR.

W. P. HALLOWELL, JR.,

E. MIDDLETON, JR.

HALF-BACKS.

G. L. PENNOCK,

C. C. MILLER,

R. M. HALLOWELL.

QUARTER-BACK. J. THOMPSON.

BALL.

G. MILLER.

SUBSTITUTES.

C. F. KOHL,

P. Q. CHURCHMAN, \leftarrow E. SMEDLEY.

FOOM-BALL.

HAVERFORD '86, vs. SWARTHMORE '86. SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

 Swarthmore,
 2 goals,
 11 touch downs.

 Haverford,
 0 " "

 HAVERFORD, vs. SWARTHMORE.
 SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

 Haverford,
 1 goal,
 0 touch down.

 Swarthmore,
 0 " 1 " "



THE BIGYGLE GLUB.

A T the beginning of this College year, strange rumors were afloat to the effect that a Bicycle Club had been formed, and was about to make wonderful tours throughout the land. In order to find something about this Club, we tackled several bicyclists, and to our astonishment were informed each time that; "I don't know for sure, but I think there was one formed last Fall." More information than this, we were utterly unable to obtain.

At last, we struck a man who was sure that a club had been formed. We eagerly asked whether he could give us the names of the officers. He not only could give us the desired information, but did so. Happy at this, we started in pursuit of the Sub-captain. We found him in the Draughting room busily engaged in working on his Railroad Survey. "Say, Billy," we said, approaching him cautiously, "How is the Bicycle Club?" The drawing-board was instantly raised, and we immediately retired.

In a short time, we approached him again, and, as he seemed quiet we ventured to say: "Did the Bicycle Club ever adopt a Code of By-Laws or a Constitution?"

Sub-cap.: No," (shortly).

"What! have you nothing to govern you?" we asked in amazement.

Sub-cap.: "O yes, I believe there were a few rules or something of the sort adopted; but I guess they didn't amount to much."

"How many meetings have you had since your foundation?"

"None-go away from here and don't bother me."

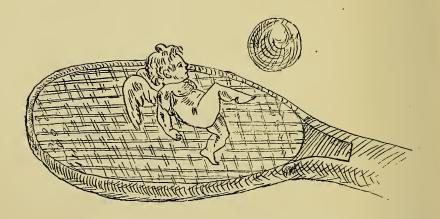
We were on the point of asking another question, when the drawing-board showed signs of coming again; and we left, more puzzled than ever. We have since then obtained from other sources the names of the members, and also the fact that they are officially known as the "Swarthmore College Wheelmen."

SWARTHMORE GOLLEGE WHEELMEN.

Captain, Sub-captain, *C. FRED. COPE, WM. A. KISSAM, Jr.

BENJAMIN ALLEN,
ALEXANDER CHAMBERS,
EDGAR CONROW,
HENRY M. KREAMER,
S. CAMERON HINKLE,
DAVID PACHECO.
JAMES L. SELIGMAN,
JOSEPH T. SILL,
HOWARD G. TAYLOR,
HENRY S. WOODWORTH.

*Mr. Cope won the medal in fancy riding at the Bi-Centennial Meet, held at Philadelphia, October, 1882.



Gennis Glubs.

'83.

GEORGE L. PENNOCK,

FLORENCE N. HANES, GUION MILLER,

HELEN C. PYLE,

S. DUFFIELD MITCHELL, ANNIE E. TYLOR, CHARLES A. BUNTING.

THE INITIALS.

WILLIAM P. HALLOWELL, JR.
FREDERICK A. SEAMAN, JR.
WILLIAM L. ELKINS, JR.
HARRY A. KETCHAM.
OSCAR B. NEWHOUSE,
WILLIAM L. SILL,
CARL L. THUDICHUM,
HENRY S. WORTH.

MAXWELL K. KENNEDY, BENJAMIN G. BODDER, WILLIAM R. PAUL, JOSEPH L. JONES, JR.

H. W. C. M. O.

SALLIE A. HOOPES,
EMMA A. COLE,
JOSEPHINE PHILLIPS,
LIZZIE MORGAN.

WILLIAM S. EVANS.

JOSEPH T. SILL.

ROBERT B. BAKER.

ALEXANDER G. CUMMINGS.

JAMES L. SELIGMAN.

MORRIS L. CLOTHIER.

MAMIE A. ALLEN.

LIZZIE A. ALBERTSON.

FERRIS H. LIVEZEY.

MARY J. CLOTHIER.

SAMUEL BROWN.

LIZZIE J. CLOTHIER.

BENJAMIN ALLEN.

"THE RACQUETEERS."

EMMA S. BONES.

HOWARD G. TAYLOR.

LIZZIE H. COCKS.

J. LAWRENCE LIPPINCOTT.

MARY G. DIXON.

CHARLES C. MILLER.

ALICE H. COCK.

JUSTICE M. THOMPSON.

ARTHUR C. NEEDLES.
GEORGE H. MOORE.
WILLIAM J. NEEDLES.
RYLAND W. PHILLIPS.

"TENNISONIANS."

FRANK C. MOSHER.

EVA M. SELIGMAN.

LOUISE BEESON.

CARRIE L. DODGE.

JUNIOR PUBLIC DAY.

THE place was worthy of such a public day. It was the great Assembly Hall of Swarthmore, the hall which had resounded with jubilations at the Commencements of ten classes, the hall where the eloquence of P——k had for a moment awed and inspired others with a desire to go and do likewise, the hall where P--r had confronted the smiling faces of hundreds with the placid courage that half redeemed his oratorical fame. The aisles were lined with Sophomores. The passage was kept clear by Freshmen. The Juniors, robed in impressive black, were marshalled by the heralds under E-s. The Faculty in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of order. Near a hundred and twenty "Preps." three-fourths of the Preparatory school as the Preparatory school then was, walked in solemn order to their customary places of assembling at the ringing of the large bell. The jolly Junior, Schneider, led the way. The long procession was closed by the gallant General, by the sub-ushers, and by the friends and relations of the class. Last of all came the Professor, conspicious by his fine person and noble bearing. The bare white walls were without decoration. The long gallery was crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulations of an orator. There were gathered, from all parts of a free, great, enlightened, and prosperous College, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every Class and of every Section. There the committee from the Board of Managers gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other institution in the world could present. There the Historian of '83 thought of the night when W-r, pleaded the cause of H-l, against R-r, and when before an assembly which still retained some show of genius, V-e thundered against the "Civilization of the Moderns." The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Snorky, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious assembly the compliment of wearing a tail-coat. Gaar had been debarred the pleasure of participating in the exercise; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. There were Ariosto and Grandma, the American

- Tank

Demosthenes and the female Hyperides. There was Johon, ignorant indeed or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to all orators, ancient or modern. Nor, though surrounded by such men and women, did the youngest pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes in preparatory schools, Bébé had won for herself a conspicious place in College. But those who have listened with delight, while the noon-day sun shone through the stained glass windows, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Lucinda, as her powerful voice awoke the echoes of the hall, in those words, "higher and higher, an atom-," are able to form some estimate of the powers of a class of men and women among whom she was foremost. The interest taken by the audience in the public day was great when Sill began, and rose to the height when the General "uttered that cry of anguish 'Hannibal at the gates!'" The day was ended. The great display of rhetoric and eloquence was over.



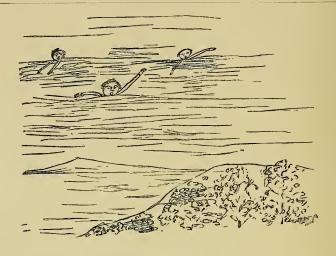
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Exergises at the Planting of '84's Glass Gree.

WING to the temporary removal of the College on account of the fire, the Class of '84 found themselves confronted by a terrible fact which bade fair to ruin their happiness for a time. It has long been the custom of Sophomore classes to plant the tree, the

emblem of their class, in the evening when fairies and nymphs are sporting in their moonlight gambols over hill and dell around Swarthmore's lofty edifice. The belief is, we suppose, that the planting is done in the evening; because at that time all nature seems willing to let the young aspirants have their own way for once, and fates and fairies alike join with them in making the occasion a memorable one. The '84's, we repeat, were to be deprived of this pleasure; and, for a time, youths and maidens alike wore downcast faces, and might be observed in retired nooks musing over the sorrows and disappointments of man's changeful and fleeting existence. But this state of things could not last long among a body of young people, ambitious aspiring, emulous, not to be overwhelmed at the sight of any monster. Their belief was, "If one door closes another opens," and for the open door they immediately began to search.

Inquiries were made as to what time they would be allowed to devote to the grand undertaking. It was found that any afternoon during the showery month of April would be suitable. Then were convoked those serious meetings. A committee brought the names of various trees, native to different parts of the globe; from the icy regions of Norway and Lapland, as well as from the luxuriant forest of the Torrid Zone; from the plains and mountains of America as well as from the fertile lowlands of the East Indies.



DEBATE ROSE HIGH.

Each separate member discoursed on the merits of as many different trees. For a while, the assembly was swayed by the eloquence of the advocate of the superior merits of the *Japan Jingo*; chiefly, because the maidens were carried away by the musical jingle of its name. After many meetings, sometimes held two and three times a day, the noble Norway maple was chosen as a fitting emblem.

If the planting cannot take place in the evening, it can, at least, be pompous and impressive, so thought '84. The preparations were begun. To add triumph to pleasure, old "Botanicus," the bane of "Sophy's" life, must go forth to his final resting-place as an example to other such monsters to keep out of their way. Many were the preparations for the funeral pile, and for the solemn service of consigning the hateful tormentor to the flames. What a satisfaction it would be to see his ashes interred at the tree's roots! The preparations were completed after much trouble and anxiety. The day for the consummation of the great scheme arrives. At the appointed hour, the assembly gathers upon the College Campus; the Campus, formerly the scene of so many happy rambles, now deserted except by the few workmen employed in repairing those places injured by the ravages of the fire. In solemn procession, the priests chanting a low and measured dirge, they advance to the sacred spot. They form a circle around the pile. With impressive sweetness and solemnity mingled with a strain of sadness and pathos, the chant, "Tu, O Botanice," floats on the gentle

breezes; while the notes of the birds in the neighboring boughs become low and soft, as if they, too, feel the impressiveness of the hour. The flame is applied. The smoke arises mountain-high. The maidens cannot refrain from shedding a few tears, even at the departure of their bitterest enemy. The ashes are taken up and placed in a magnificent casket together with a copy of the song and poem of the day, a list of the names and the cents. This is lowered to its final resting-place, while another chant is sung and a few appropriate words are uttered by the officiating priest. The funeral ended, the tree planted, they now have orations, poems, and songs, composed by members of the class, together with all the forms and cerimonies suitable to such an event.

This ended, the group now become wild with joy; and, amid congratulations at present success and predictions for the future prosperity of the tree, they fail to observe the evening shadows lengthen, and, forgetful of the fact that "time" and trains alike "wait for no man," are oblivious to the sight and sound of the powerful messenger coming thundering along at such a speed as to threaten to leave them for the night in the barren wilderness, surrounded by the ghosts and goblins which haunt the lone, dark walls of the ruins. Suddenly aroused, they start at a precipitous rate, reaching the station at the last minute, all out of breath and very excited. They return home to revel in an imposing banquet, and to extend their festivities far into the night.



COMMITTEE ON COLLEGE SONGS.

THE students of Swarthmore had long expressed among themselves a desire to possess a set of College songs; but no definite step was taken until the Spring of 1882. At that time, a meeting was held; and it wadecided to have a permanent committee to collect and compose suitable songs. A committee of six, representing the Junior, Sophomore, and Freshman classes, was appointed by the chairman of the meeting.

This committee was instructed to elect two others from the new Freshman class at the opening of the present college year. This election was to be held at the beginning of each Fall term, to fill the vacancies made by the two Senior members of the previous year. This procedure entirely removed the appointing of the committee from the hands of the students, and made it possible for one person to have the appointing of the whole committee, supposing the rest of the members failed to return or resigned their membership. Also, if any member proved that he had not the ability to serve, it would be impossible to supplant him. Although all these defects were seen by some before the motion was carried, the majority seemed to think that all the anticipated trouble was imaginary.

In February, 1883, a meeting of the students was called by the committee, in which it was proved by the report that no work had been done this year. Depreciating remarks were made about the committee, and ill-feeling was created. No action was taken on the report. In a few days, another meeting was called. An effort to reconsider the motion of last spring proved unsuccessful. More ill-feeling was created, and the Senior, Junior, and Sophomore members resigned. It thus remained with the Freshmen members to fill the vacancies thus caused.

A committee was appointed to draw up a Code of Laws which should plainly set forth the duties of the committees on songs. In a short time the Code was drawn up. In submitting it, the committee advised the reconsideration of the motion of last spring. Another effort in regard to this proved successful. The original motion was then put and lost. The Code of Laws Committee was further instructed to draw up a new Code

which should not only set forth the duties, but provide for the appointing, etc. This was done. The result is that, at the beginning of each College year, each class is to elect a representative to serve on the Committee on College Songs. The four this elected are to choose three others, all to serve for one year only. The present committee was formed in this manner to serve for the rest of this year, and good results are looked for at an early date.

FREDERICK A. SEAMAN, Jr., '83, Chairman.

ELIZABETH MORGAN, '85, Secretary.

FLORENCE N. HANES, '83.

S. DUFFIELD MITCHELL, '83.

EDWIN HAVILAND, Jr., '84.

JOSEPHINE H. TILTON, '86.

REBECCA M. BOYD, '86.

An Explanation.

It has been suggested to us that, with our statistical articles, we might be mistaken for a twin brother or some very near relative of the "North American Review." We were at first insulted at the bare idea, but afterward came to see the absurdity of the whole thing. Why! we are a humorous publication; we are chock-full of fun. This we will vouch for, we wrote the articles and surely we should know. There is one thing, though, we do not understand; that is, why the "Powers that be" sat down on so many of our productions. We have thought that it was because they were too funny; and, as smiling is not encouraged by the aforesaid powers, they "sat."

Now we had one little thing, we counted upon hugely. It spoke of the dearest traits of a few of the powers; therefore it was atomized. It was rather a chilly day, yet we dropped but a single tear, and smilingly watched for the storm of approval that should meet the next article, an awfully good thing, you know. The storm came, but it was the palest kind of approval we have ever met with. One frowned and passed it to his neighbor, he frowned and "passed," so on till it came to "age;" and he placed it in a very pretty basket, and reserved it for future use.

This thing was getting nerve-trying, so we left and urged the other fellow to go in for the rest. Poor fellow, he went. The last we saw of him he was smiling in his child-like simplicity, and really looked as though he expected to have a jolly time; but his article had not been discussed then. (We will say just here that we have not inserted an obituary for fear of being previous, he may turn up.)

But to return, we started to show that we were not closely related to the "North American Review." Why, the thing is appalling in its absurdity! We have not a single article upon the "Conflict between Science and Religion," we have not said a word about the "Annexation of Canada," and we have been decently reticent upon "Free Trade." Now, candidly, do we look like that kind of a book? (because if we do we are going to raise our prices.)

We would not in justice to ourselves have such an idea go before the reading world; and, besides, we don't know what the other party might say. Not that we fear they would repudiate us; but, you know, they sometimes give voice to rather liberal ideas, and, at present, we cannot—no, we don't mean that, we mean we do not. Therefore, Q. E. D. of course. Anybody ought to grasp. Quite convincing! Altogether lucid! We are a humorous work; and, if anyone doubts or makes any further insinuations, we shall make it necessary for him to retire and enjoy a siesta. (We speak with confidence on this point, having secured a pet "unknown" of our own for fighting editor.)

THE READING ROOM.

A Large airy room on the second floor of the main building is provided for the use of the students, either for reading or study. It contains a small, but well chosen reference library, and is open to the students at all times for that purpose. It is kept up mainly, through the kindness of friends of the College. There is also a small reading room fund, which is devoted exclusively to a few of the best dailies and periodicals. At present they consist of the following:

American.

American Journal of Science.

American Agriculturist.

American Republican.

American, (Media.)

American Machinist.

Chronicle.

Critic.

Courier Des Etats-Unis.

Century.

Christian Statesman.

Die Gartenlaube.

Daily Tribune, (New York.)

Democrat, (Del. Co.)

Every Evening, (Wilmington Del.)

Evening Telegraph, (Philadelphia.)

Engineering News.

English Mechanic.

Farm and Garden.

Gazette.

Horticulturist.

Harper's Monthly.

Harper's Weekly.

Herald of Peace.

Intellinger, (Friends.)

Journal of Education.

Journal of Chemistry.

Journal.

Littell's Living Age.

Lippincott's Magazine.

Morning News, (Wilmington.)

Nature.

North American Review.

Nation.

The Continent.

Public Ledger, (Philadelphia.)

Press, (Philadelphia,)

Progress.

Popular Science Monthly.

Peacemaker.

Protectionist.

Philosophy, American Journal of

Record.

Record, (Media.)

Scientific American.

St. Nicholas.

Scientific American Supplement.

Scattered Seeds.

Sabbath Reading.

Science.

Student.

Times.

Transcript.

Temperance Advocate.

Voice of Peace.

Wheelman.

Witness.

34 Woman at Work.

SENIOR ORATION.

own a mule. It is the first mule I ever had, and will be the last one." May my fellow-countrymen be spared the trials of such a possession! "Where there's a will there's a way," and, as action and reaction are equal, the reverse is also true; at least that has been my experience in dealing with my mule. I never got fully under way with him that he did not make a remarkable display of will. That is one thing and the only thing for which a mule can be praised. It is said that the devil deserves praise for his perseverance, and in this particular my mule resembles that august ruler of the anti-celestial hosts.

To repeat, my mule possesses an amiable will; but his will and mine do not agree, or his way and mine do not agree. It is and always has been a puzzle to me to know what the disagreement was. It did exist, "there was no doubt whatever about that;" and, in order to ascertain the trouble so that I might suggest a remedy, I was often led to exclaim: "Thy will be done," but, evidently, mules do not deal in that style of classics.

That you may have a better conception of this mulish picture which I am endeavoring to paint before you, let me take you in thought, out into the field of action. Imagine my mule out in a road, hitched to a cart. We are resting, I have passed that point at which I learn that moral persuasion is of no avail, have alighted, and am standing with folded arms, quietly awaiting inspiration, either to the mule or to myself. Owing to my Quaker education, I always had faith in inspiration. My mule retains the attitude which he struck some moments ago. He stands quietly with his a cars following the sun so that they shade his eyes. Such eyes! "His eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming."

Now the inspiration comes. In the words of the poet, "Man is a poetical animal;" and, wishing to raise myself as much as possible above that brute, I bring all my poetical abilities into action and exclaim: Draw! draw! you villian!"—— By the way, this is not Quaker inspiration—— "Virtue, if not in action is a vice!" See! He starts, he moves! But there's that stubborn will. His muscles become animated, and coming against that immovable will, their force is diverted in the wrong direction.

Thinking that, "distance lends enchantment to the view," I withdraw, exclaiming: "A horse! a horse! My mule and cart for a horse."

If "Silence is a virtue where there is a lack of understanding," it would not have been a virtue there; for, I can assure you, there was no lack of understanding in that animal, and he showed no diffidence in bringing it into action—according to his will. He evidently thought that if a little of anything was good, more would be better; for, taking advantage of my distance, he did his best to increase it. The poetical impulse had evidently reached him; for he went as though his thoughts were, "Away, away, the foul fiend follows me."

Am I not master of the situation? all is gone. Persuasion, inspiration and poetry, all wasted upon that "inexecrable form." "O, when was moral so cruelly deceived?" but it is a comfort to think that he has gone. Never was I relieved of such a care as when he vanished from my sight.

THE GYMNASIUM.

A S the education of the mind should be accompanied by a proper development of the body, the gymnasium, which is under the control of the Athletic Association, must be regarded as one of our most important buildings.

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GYMNASIUM COMMITTEE.

S. D. MITCHELL, '83.

E. HAVILAND, Jr., '84.

W. H. BOWNE, Jr., '85



Our arist

'84's Soliloquy.

To publish it, or not to publish it: that's the conundrum:-Whether 'tis nobler of the Juniors to suffer The jeers and banters of proud haughty Seniors; Or to take their pens from dawn to night-fall, And with an Annual still them?—To think: to compose; No more; and by composing say we end The struggles and the thousand natural jars That editors are heir to, 'tis a consummation By Juniors much desired. To write, to publish it; To publish it! perchance to advertise; ay, there's the rub; For in that advertising what snubs may come When we encounter Merchants, Taylors, Doctors, Lawyers, Must give us pause: there's the consideration That makes the publishing so hazardous; For who would bear the scorn of future time, The Freshie's laugh the Sophie's silly smile, The censure of observers, and the jeers That patient Juniors of grave Seniors take, When they themselves might gain escape from these By merely writing? who would hesitate, But that the dread of something after writing, The disapproval of the Faculty from whose eye Escapes no line of young aspirants pen, baffles our aims, And makes us rather bear these trifling ills Than fly to others that we know are worse? Thus peril does make heroes of us all; And thus the native hue of indecision Is bravely fought with stern determination; And thus this enterpries of greatest weight and import, Midst dangers dire on every side, its origin does take, And gains the peaceful name of "Halcyon."

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As a parting word to our fellow students we will simply say that we hope to have successors.

Friends, patrons and fellows alike, we must now bid you farewell. We have striven to please and if we have failed it is due to other causes than a lack of endeavor upon our part.

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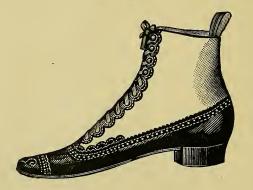
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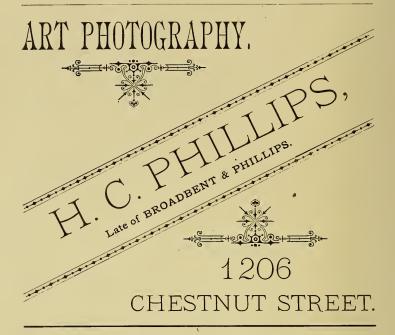


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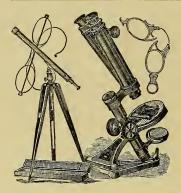
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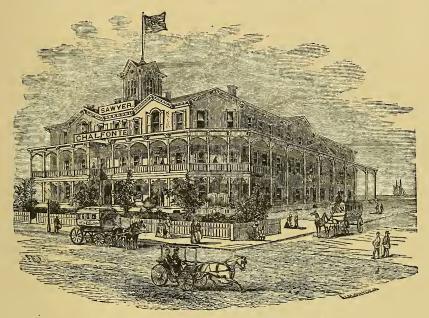
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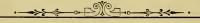
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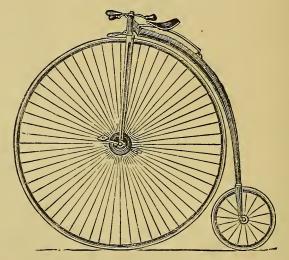
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